

W. M. L. Center *Memorandum*
W. M. L. Center *Book*

Western Canada Institute

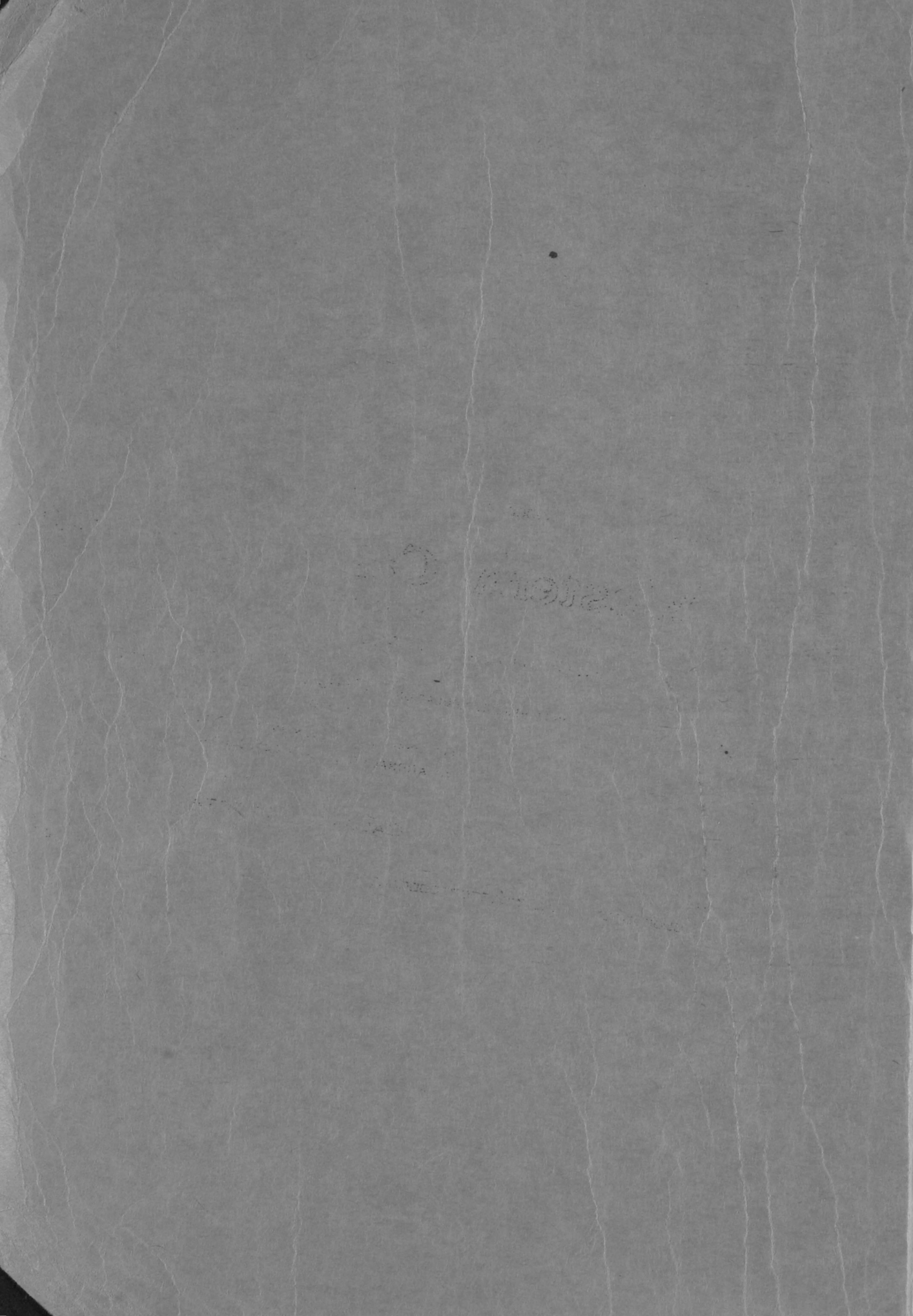
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ALBERTA TEACHERS ALLIANCE BUREAU OF EDUCATION

PUBLISHERS OF EDUCATIONAL MANUALS AND TEACHERS' AND STUDENTS' HELPS

PERSONAL INSTRUCTION IN ACADEMIC AND
VOCATIONAL COURSES BY CORRESPONDENCE.

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It is required by our Course of Studies that there be two main means of teaching Citizenship; namely, through direct experience, and through indirect experience such as supplementary reading, study of literature etc. For the purpose of teaching by the latter means, teachers are required to use certain biographies, history stories, fables and fairy tales.

Teachers found it very difficult to locate the latter, and when located, many of them were not in concise form. At the request of several teachers, the editor of this book - a Calgary teacher - has collected these stories and has endeavored to make them suitable for use in the school-room.

Index.

<u>History Stories.</u>	<u>Page.</u>	<u>Stories for Moral Training</u>	<u>Page.</u>
The Knights of the Round Table	1	The Tongue and How to Use It	28
Founding the Hudson's Bay Company	16	The Sleeping Beauty	29
Pierre Radisson among the Mohawks	1	<u>Biographies.</u>	
The Selkirk Settlement ...	3	Alexander Graham Bell	31
The Expulsion of the Acadians	5	Galileo	32
<u>Legends.</u>		Morse	33
St. Christopher	6	Abraham Lincoln	34
<u>Fairy Tales.</u>		Marie Curie	36
The Happy Family	8	Father Lacombe	37
The Emperor's New Clothes	10	Marconi	38
The Travelling Companion	13	Lister	40
<u>Fables.</u>		Shackleton	41
Tray and Tiger	17	Captain Scott	42
The Bundle of Sticks	18	Magellan	44
The Blind Man and the Lame Man	17	Sir Philip Sidney	46
The Bald Knight	18	Elias Howe	46
The Trumpeter Taken Prisoner	18	James Hargreaves	47
The Wolf and the Lamb ...	19	Richard Arkwright	49
		Samuel Crompton	50
		Dr. Grenfell	50
		David Livingstone	52
<u>Stories for Moral Training.</u>			
The Great Stone Face	20		
The Choice of Hercules ..	22		
Sir Isaac Newton	19		
The Gift of Athene	23		
A Young Patriot	25		
Sir Thomas More	26		
A Quarrel Among Quails ..	27		

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

In England long ago there lived a great king named Arthur. He had round him a band of faithful knights. They were called the Knights of the Round Table, and you can easily guess why they had that name.

Now to be a knight one had to be strong and brave and true. To be a Knight of the Round Table meant that one had to be one of the strongest, truest and bravest of knights.

The Knights of the Round Table were always seeking some good work to do. If any one was in danger they were ready, even at the risk of their own lives, to go to the rescue. Nothing was too hard or too dangerous for them.

From morning till night they could be seen on their beautiful chargers. They rode often alone, and often two by two, and sometimes in bands over the fields and through the forests. Whenever they found poor and needy people they helped them; whenever they found sadness or sorrow they tried to drive it away. They always thought of others first and of themselves last. Do you wonder that people loved them, and ran to the doors to see them pass?

The little children were their friends, for they were always kind to the children. It was not strange that in each child's heart there grew the desire to be a knight like the knights of the Round Table. When the blasts from the bugle horns of the knights fell on the ears of the children, they would call to each other, "The Knights are coming! The Knights are coming!" Then they would run to the roadside and watch them as they passed by.

The tall knights in their beautiful armor was to them the most beautiful sight in the world. And how the little hearts would beat with joy when the knights would smile at them or stop to speak a few words with them.

It was not long before the children knew all the knights of King Arthur's court. They would often cry out, "Here comes Sir Galahad," or, "Here comes Sir Lancelot, or Sir Percival."

Sir Galahad was the youngest and best-loved knight in all the court. Sir Lancelot was the most powerful and daring, and was called "The Flower of Bravery." Sir Percival was known as "The Holy One", because he was so good and true.

After the knights had passed the children would grow more gentle and loving and brave. They would think of others more than of themselves. There would come over their faces a beautiful smile like true knights.

PIERRE RADISSON AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

It was in the Spring of 1652. The first golden rays of the morning sun were striking aslant the palisades and roof tops of the little Fort of Three Rivers. Suddenly the great gate of the fort swung slowly back and three youths stepped forth. With a

blithe "Good-morning" and a gay wave of the hand to the yawning sentry, they shouldered their muskets and trudged off toward the woods.

It was clear that they were bound hunting, and their quarry was the wild fowl which found one of its favorite feeding grounds in the reedy marshes of Lake St. Peter.

About a mile from the Fort the boys met a herdsman. "Keep out from the foot of the hills," he said. "Things like a forest of heads were seen rising up suddenly from the ground back there; better return to the Fort." Two of the hunters, alarmed by this warning, soon decided to turn back, but the third, with a toss of his head and a scornful laugh, resolved to go on; and so Pierre Radisson, as yet a youth of sixteen, fared forth alone to the hunt, regardless of danger.

The boy's bravery had its reward in excellent luck. He wandered on about nine miles from the Fort, shooting geese and ducks to his heart's content, and hiding the game which he could not carry in hollow tree trunks. As the sun declined towards the West, he retraced his steps and already was within view of the Fort when suddenly a terrible sight rooted him to the ground. There, half concealed by the long grass, lay the bodies - naked and scalped - of his two companions of the morning.

Chilled with horror Radisson stood for a moment stock still. Then his mind began to work quickly. The Iroquois must be there, near at hand. His best chance lay in gaining the rush lined river bank where he might hide in the reeds till night arrived, and then make a safe return to the Fort.

Immediately stooping low he began to rush towards the river, but as he did so a hundred plumed heads craned up from the grass and reeds and underbrush to see which way he went. From all sides muskets began to crash out. As he ran the fearless Radisson without hesitation fired back at his numerous foes; but it was in vain. He was surrounded - a score of hands gripped him. His rifle was snatched away. His arms were securely bound. And then, flaunting the scalps of his companions before his sickened sight, they dragged him off through the woods to the spot on the shore where their canoes were concealed.

It was only Radisson's bravery that had spared him the immediate fate of his comrades. Insensible to pity, the Indians of all things loved bravery, and their admiration for the fearless French youth led them to make him a prisoner.

They now dressed his hair like an Indian Brave's and daubed his face with their warpaint. That night he lay down between two warriors under a common blanket. "I slept a sound sleep", he says in his own story of his adventures, "for they wakened me upon the breaking of the day." Then, embarking in their canoes, the Iroquois fired their muskets and shouted forth shrill war cries in defiance of the French at the Fort.

Radisson quickly picked up the Indian language, and became as skilful as the Indians themselves in setting traps, tracking wild animals, shaping canoes, and finding his way through the pathless forest.

All winter, Pierre lived in the Mohawk lodges, and in the Spring of 1653 he went on the war path with the younger braves against the Eries, who lived in the West around Niagara. He gained great praise for his skill in the chase and his bravery in battle.

In the Autumn of 1653 there came upon him an uncontrollable longing to be with his own folk again. Taking only a hatchet, one morning when the tingle of frost was in the air, he sallied forth as though to spend the day in cutting firewood; but no sooner was he out of sight of the village than he broke into a steady loping run such as could be maintained for hours. All day long through the tangled forest he kept steadily on, following with keen eyes the faint trail which he knew led to the French settlement of Fort Orange, now Albany on the Hudson. Nor did he pause when the night shadows fell upon the forest. Dawn found him haggard and faint but still reeling on with dogged steps, and by night-fall he was safe in Fort Orange with the Dutch.

But he had barely escaped capture. The Mohawks were hard on his heels. But at last they gave up in despair and returned to their villages. At Fort Orange, Radisson assumed once again the appearance and manners of a white man. There too, he met with kind people who supplied him with money, by means of which he was enabled to reach Three Rivers, after an absence of two years. There he was welcomed by father and mother as though he returned from the dead, while his firends listened in amazement to the thrilling story of his two years of adventure among the savage Iroquois.

Morden H. Long.

THE SELKIRK SETTLEMENT.

In St. Mary's Isle, Kirkeudbrightshire, Scotland, the Earl of Selkirk was born in the year 1771 of the famous Douglas race. At seventeen he entered the Edinburgh University where he formed a close friendship with Sir Walter Scott. Young Thomas Douglas was, from his earliest youth, a dreamer of dreams for the amelioration of human ills, and he set himself earnestly to that task when numbers of his own fellow-countrymen, the Highland Scotch, were driven off their native straths by relentless landlords, who considered that sheep would be more profitable on the land than human beings.

Lord Selkirk immediately offered them homes in the Red River country of North America, and agreed to assume all expenses in regard to transportation, government, treaties with the Indians, and such like. After many difficulties, the first band of settlers got away on rather shaky sailing vessels. They arrived at York Factory on Hudson Bay in the Fall of 1811, where they entered in the intense and unaccustomed cold. In the Spring they continued their journey of seven hundred miles more to the Red River, by river and lake and trail, amidst hardships which tried the hardest voyageurs. They reached their destination where the city of Winnipeg now stands, in August 1812.

They continued to come at various dates until 1815. When the first group of colonists came in 1812 they were worn out with their long journey from York Factory. They were without means, and for food and shelter had to rely partly on the agents of their benefactor. They had to camp in the open and engage in fishing for their food. As Winter drew on they went some sixty miles farther up the river to Pembina, where they were able to secure buffalo meat. In May they returned to their first location; but they had nothing with which to cultivate the rich soil.

Fish were scarce, and after subsisting all summer on such wild roots and plants as were eatable, they had to go back to the buffalo grounds for the winter. Once more in the spring, these wandering colonists came back and tried to grow some crops. The North-West Fur Company resented the coming of the colonists, because the colonist and the wild game hunter or trader cannot dwell permanently together in the same land.

In 1816 the Earl visited the colony, when he succeeded in getting the promise, from the North-West Fur Company, that they would never again disturb the settlers. He also named the Red River community Kildonan, after the place they had left in Scotland. On that same visit he made special grants of land for church and school purposes, and secured for the settlers titles to the farms on which they settled. These farms were long and narrow, which enabled the colonists to build their houses close together, in one long village street.

This famous visit of Lord Selkirk to his Kildonan colony was his last and only call. He returned to Scotland weakened in health with the long journey and the countless anxieties. His death took place on April 8, 1820.

In the winter of 1817 the settlers went to Pembina and maintained themselves by hunting, until the spring of 1818, when they returned to their land and sowed what they could. There was a good prospect of a crop, but in July the sun was darkened by clouds of grasshoppers which fell upon the fields and gardens and devoured everything in sight. So it had to be "back to Pembina" for the winter and the hunting again. In 1819 the colonists returned and sowed the fields, but the young grasshoppers appeared in swarms, eating every living thing that grew out of the ground.

It was 1882, ten years after the first band of settlers had come, that they grew enough to provide the bare necessities of life. For the next three years they continued to make such headway as their primitive agricultural implements would allow.

In the spring of 1825 the Red River overflowed its banks and swept away like straws the houses, stables and barns of the settlers. Yet in a month, when the flood went down, those undaunted colonists began all over again. No language can describe the terrible experiences that those people endured, but the colony never uprooted. It remained to stamp its character on the West.

From "The Romance of Western Canada",

By R. G. MacBeth.

THE EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS

Major Lawrence entered upon his duties as Governor of Nova Scotia in October 1753. Six weeks later he made a report of the condition of affairs in the Province. In it he stated that the emigrant Acadians though they had been subjects of the King of Great Britain for thirty-four years, refused to take the Oath of Allegiance; that their obstinacy, treachery and partiality to their own countrymen was causing great inconvenience, and that they showed ingratitude for the favor, indulgence, and protection they had at all times received from the Government of Great Britain. Governor Lawrence therefore was determined to rid the province of those inhabitants, and at once set about the task.

The proceedings in connection with the expulsion of the Acadians were carried on in different parts of the province at the same time. Colonel Moncton was ordered to take charge of the settlers around the Isthmus of Chignecto; those in the Minas District were in charge of Colonel Winslow; Captain Murray was in command at Fort Edward, and Major Handfield was to gather in the inhabitants in Annapolis Royal District. All were advised to observe secrecy, and to fall upon some stratagem to induce the inhabitants to get into the transports.

The Acadians, used by this time to the lenity of the British Government were greatly surprised on hearing that they were to be sent out of the country, and numbers of them hid in the woods, so that the task of removing them was both troublesome and disagreeable. Colonel Winslow's method of effecting the removal of the people of the Minas Basin, was typical of that used by the others in command. He issued an order that the men were to assemble in the church at Grand Pré at three o'clock in the afternoon in order to hear a communication from his Majesty. When four hundred and eighteen of the inhabitants were seated in the building that was so familiar to them, Colonel Winslow attended by his officers, entered and began to speak, as follows:-

"Gentlemen, I have received from His Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's commission which I have in my hand. By his orders you are convened to hear His Majesty's final resolution in respect to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova Scotia, who for almost half a century have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions. What use you have made of it, you yourselves best know.

The duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species. But it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive; and therefore without hesitation I shall deliver you His Majesty's orders and instructions namely; That your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts are forfeited to the Crown with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods, and that you yourselves are to be removed from this his Province.

Through His Majesty's goodness I am directed to allow you the liberty to carry with you your money and as many of your household goods as you can take without discommoding the vessels you go in, and I hope that in whatever part of the world your lot may fall, you may be faithful subjects, and a peaceable and happy people."

This address having been delivered and interpreted to the people, Winslow withdrew to his quarters, leaving the soldiers to guard the stricken prisoners.

After some conversation together, a few of the elders asked if they might be allowed to carry the melancholy news to their families at home. Permission being granted, they did so and also arranged to have their food brought to them.

Finally, amid scenes of wild confusion, the embarkation began in earnest. From the villages and country came families; some cases aiding the sick and infirm, while others were laden with bundles of their personal effects. Most were on foot, although a few rode in vehicles bringing their household goods; old and young wended their way to the vessels, weary and footsore and sad of heart. In all, over six thousand persons were forcibly deported, and their homes laid waste. The land of the Acadians was a solitude. The exiles were taken to the New England States, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia and Massachusetts. In most places they were kindly received, and founded new and happy homes for themselves.

From "The Acadian Exiles",
by
Arthur G. Doughty.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

For many a year Saint Christopher
Served God in many a land;
And master painters drew his face,
With loving heart and hand,
On altar fronts and churches' walls;
And peasants used to say,
To look on good Saint Christopher
Brought luck for all the day.

For many a year in lowly hut,
The giant dwelt content,
Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went;
And on his giant shoulders bore
All travellers who came,
By night, by day, or rich or poor,
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.
One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,
He sudden heard a call, -
"O Christopher, come, carry me!"
He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore.
"It must be what I dreamed,"
He said, and laid him down again;
But instantly there seemed
Again the feeble, distant cry, -
"Oh, come and carry me,"
Again he sprang and looked; again
No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice
Like infant's soft and weak;
With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.
Down on the bank a little child
He found - a piteous sight, -
Who, weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good-will he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride
He tossed him, as men play with babes,
And plunged into the tide.
But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier and heavier,
Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land;
And, staggering, set the infant down,
And turned to scan his face;
When, lo, he saw a halo bright
Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down afraid
At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
Of Jesus Christ, his King;
Until the infant spoke, and said,
"Oh, Christopher, behold!
I am the Lord whom thou hast served,
Rise up, be glad and bold!"

For I have seen and noted well
Thy works of charity;
And that thou art my servant good
A token thou shalt see.
Plant firmly here upon this bank
Thy stalwart staff of pine,
And it shall blossom and bear fruit,
This very hour, in sign.

Then, vanishing, the infant smiled,
The giant, left alone,
Saw on the bank, with luscious dates,
His stout pine staff bent down.

I think the lesson is as good
To-day as it was then -
As good to us called Christians
As to the heathen men, -
The lesson of Saint Christopher,
Who spent his strength for others,
And saved his soul by working hard,
To help and save his brothers!

Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

The biggest leaf here in this country is certainly the burdock leaf. Put one in front of your waist and it's just like an apron, and if you lay it upon your head, it is almost as good as an umbrella, for it is quite remarkably large. A burdock never grows alone; where there is one tree there are several more. It is splendid to behold! and all this splendour is snails' meat; the great white snails which the grand people in olden times used to have made into fricassees, and when they had eaten them they would say, "H'm, how good that is!" for they had the idea that it tasted delicious. These snails lived on burdock leaves, and that's why burdocks were sown.

Now, there was an old estate on which people ate snails no longer. The snails had died out, but the burdocks had not. These latter grew and grew in all the walks and on all the beds, there was no stopping them; the place became a complete forest of burdocks. Here and there stood an apple or a plum tree; but for this, nobody would have thought that a garden had been there. Everything was burdock, and among the burdocks lived the two last ancient snails.

They did not know themselves how old they were, but they could very well remember that there had been a great many more of them, that they had descended from a foreign family, and that the whole forest had been planted for them and theirs. They had

never been away from home, but it was known to them that something existed in the world called the "ducal palace", and that there one was boiled, and one became black, and was laid upon a silver dish; but what was done afterwards they did not know. Moreover, they could not imagine what that might be, being boiled and laid upon a silver dish; but it was stated to be fine, and particularly grand! Neither the cockchafer, nor the toad, nor the earthworm, whom they questioned about it, could give them any information, for none of their own kind had ever been boiled and laid upon silver dishes.

The old white Snails were the grandest in the world; they knew that! The forest was there for their sake, and the ducal palace too, so that they might be boiled and laid on silver dishes. They led a very retired and happy life, and as they themselves were childless, they had adopted a little common Snail, which they brought up as their own child. But the little thing would not grow, for it was only a common Snail, though the old people, and particularly the Mother, declared one could easily see how he grew; and when the father could not see it, she requested him to feel the little Snail's shell, and he felt it, and acknowledged that she was right.

One day it rained very hard. "Listen how it's drumming on the burdock leaves, rum-dum-dum! rum-dum-dum!" said the father Snail. "That's what I call drops," said the mother. "It's coming straight down the stalks. You'll see it will be wet here directly. I'm only glad that we have our good houses, and that the little one had his own. There has been more done for us than for any other creature; you can see very plainly that we are the grand folk of the world. We have houses from our birth, and the burdock forest has been planted for us. I should like to know how far it extends, and what lies beyond it."

"There's nothing," said the father Snail, "that can be better than here at home; I have nothing at all to wish for."

"Yes," said the mother, "I should like to be taken to the ducal palace, and be boiled and laid upon a silver dish; that has been done to all our ancestors, and you may be sure it's quite a distinguished honor."

"The ducal palace has perhaps fallen in," said the father Snail, "or the forest of burdocks may have grown over it, so that the people can't get out at all. You need not be in a hurry - but you always hurry so, and the little one is beginning just the same way. Has he not been creeping up that stalk these three days? My head quite aches when I look up at him." "You must not scold him," said the mother Snail. "He crawls very deliberately. We shall have much joy in him; and we old people have nothing else to live for. But have you ever thought where we will get a wife for him? Don't you think that farther in the wood there may be some more of our kind?"

"There may be black snails there, I think," said the old man, "black snails without houses! But they're too vulgar, and they're conceited for all that. But we can give the commission to the ants; they run to and fro, as if they had business; they're sure to know of a wife for our young gentleman."

"I certainly know the most beautiful of brides," said one of the Ants; "but I fear she would not do, for she is the Queen!"

"That does not matter," said the two old Snails. "Has she a house?" "She has a castle!" replied the Ant. "The most beautiful Ant's castle, with seven hundred passages."

"Thank you," said the mother Snail; "our boy shall not go into an ant hill. If you know of nothing better, we'll give the commission to the white Gnats. They fly about in rain and sunshine, and they know the burdock wood, inside and outside."

"We have a wife for him," said the Gnats. "A hundred men-steps from here a little Snail with a house is sitting on a gooseberry bush; she is quite alone, and old enough to marry. It's only a hundred man-steps from here."

"Yes, let her come to him," said the old people. "He has a whole burdock forest and she has only a bush."

And so they brought the little maiden Snail. Eight days passed before she arrived, but that was the rare circumstance about it, for by this one could see that she was of the right kind. And then they had a wedding. Six Glow-worms lighted as well as they could; with this exception it went very quietly, for the old Snail people could not bear feasting and dissipation. But a capital speech was made by the mother Snail. The father could not speak, he was so much moved.

Then they gave the young couple the whole burdock forest for an inheritance, and said, what they had always said, namely - that it was the best place in the world, and that the young people, if they lived honorably, would some day be taken with their children to the ducal palace, and boiled black, and laid upon a silver dish. And when the speech was finished, the old people crept into their houses and never came out again, for they slept.

The young Snail pair now ruled the forest, and had a numerous progeny. But as the young ones were never boiled and put into silver dishes, they concluded that the ducal palace had fallen in, and that all the people in the world had died out. And as nobody contradicted them, they must have been right. And the rain fell down on the burdock leaves to play the drum for them, and the sun shone to color the burdock forest for them, and they were happy, very happy - the whole world was happy, uncommonly happy.

Fairy Tales from Andersen.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

Many years ago there lived an Emperor who was so excessively fond of new clothes, that he spent all his money in order to be well dressed. He did not care about his soldiers, nor did he care for the theatre, neither was he fond of driving out, excepting for the sake of showing his new clothes. He had a different coat for every hour of the day, and just as one says of a King - "He is in the council" - so it was always said - "The

Emperor is in his dressing-room."

In the large city where he lived, it was very gay, for every day fresh visitors arrived; and one day there came among others two impostors, who pretended to be weavers, and they had the secret of weaving the most beautiful fabrics that could be imagined. Not only were the colors and designs pretended to be uncommonly beautiful, but that the fabric possessed the wonderful peculiarity of being invisible to every one who was either unfit for his situation or unpardonably stupid.

"Clothes made of that material would be inestimable," the Emperor thought. "If I had such on, I could discover which men in my empire are unfit for the offices they hold, and could at once distinguish the clever from the stupid. That stuff must be at once woven for me." So he gave an order to the two impostors, and a large sum of money, in order that they might begin their work at once.

They set up two looms, and did as if they were working, but there was nothing at all on the looms. Straightway they required the finest silk and the most beautiful gold thread to work into their stuffs, which they put in their pockets, and worked away at the bare looms till late at night.

"I should like to know how they have got on with their stuff," the Emperor thought; but at the same time he was greatly embarrassed when he thought of it, that he who was stupid or ill-fitted for his situation could not see it. Now, he had no doubts about himself, but yet he thought it as well first to send someone else to see how it was getting on. Everyone in the city knew the peculiarity of the fabric, and everyone was anxious to see how unfit for his situation, or how stupid his neighbor was.

"I will send my old, honest minister to the weavers," the Emperor thought. "He will be able to judge how the fabric succeeds for he has some sense, and no one is better fitted for his office than he."

So the good old minister went to the room where the two impostors were working at their bare looms. "Heaven preserve me," the old minister thought, and he opened his eyes wide. "Why, I cannot see anything." But he did not say that.

Both impostors begged him to step nearer, and they asked if he did not think the design pretty, and the colors beautiful. Then they pointed to the bare loom, and the poor old minister opened his eyes wider, but yet he could see nothing, for there was not anything to see. "Can it be possible," he thought, "that I am stupid? That, I would never have believed, and no one must know it. Or is it that I am not fit for my office? It will never do to tell that I cannot see the stuff!"

"Well, you say nothing to our work," one of the weavers said.

"Oh, it is quite pretty, quite beautiful!" the old minister said, looking through his spectacles. "The designs and the colors - Yes, I shall not fail to tell the Emperor that it pleases me very much."

"We are delighted to hear it," both the weavers said; and then they mentioned all the different colors, and explained the curious design. The old minister paid great attention, that he might use

the same words when he returned to the Emperor; and he did so.

The impostors now applied for more money, more silk, and more gold, to be used in their weaving, which they put in their pockets, for not a single thread was put into the looms, though they continued their pretended work as heretofore.

The Emperor soon after sent another able statesman to see how the weaving got on and whether the stuff would soon be ready. With him it was exactly as with the other, he looked and looked, but there was nothing besides the bare loom, so he could see nothing. "Well, is not that beautiful stuff?" the two impostors asked; and they explained the magnificent design which did not exist.

I am not stupid, the man thought, so it must be my good appointment that I am unfit for. That would be funny enough, but it must never be suspected. So he praised the fabric which did not exist. "Oh, it is lovely!" he said to the Emperor.

Everyone in the city spoke of the magnificent fabric.

The Emperor was now desirous of seeing it himself, whilst still on the loom, so with a host of chosen followers, amongst whom were the two honest statesmen who had been before, he went to the two artful impostors, who now worked away with all their might, though without a fibre or thread.

"Is not that magnificent?" the two honest statesmen asked. "Will not your Majesty look more closely into it and examine the design and beautiful colors?" and they pointed to the bare loom, for they thought that the others could see the fabric.

How is this, the Emperor thought. "Why, I see nothing at all, it is quite dreadful. Can it be that I am stupid, or that I am not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. Yes, it is very beautiful," he said. "It has my highest approbation." And he nodded with apparent satisfaction at the bare loom, for he would not confess that he did not see anything. All his followers looked and looked, seeing no more than the others, but they said the same as the Emperor, "Yes, it is very beautiful." And they advised him to wear the clothes of that magnificent fabric at the approaching grand procession.

The Emperor decreed an order to each of the impostors to wear in their buttonholes, with the title of Court Weaver.

The whole night before the day on which the procession was to take place, the impostors were up, and had more than twenty lights burning. Everyone could see that they were very busy getting the Emperor's new clothes ready. They made it appear as if they took the stuff off the loom, cut away in the air with large scissors, and sewed with needles without thread, and said at length, "See, now the clothes are ready."

The Emperor himself came with his chief nobility, and both impostors raised one arm, exactly as if they were holding something up, and said, "These are the small clothes; this is the coat, here is the mantle," and so on, all as light as a cobweb, that one might think one had nothing on; but just in that consists the beauty. "Yes," the nobility said; but they saw nothing, for there was nothing.

"If your Imperial Majesty will please to take off your clothes," the impostors said, "we will put the new ones on for you here, before the looking glass."

"Oh, how becoming they are! How beautifully they fit!" all said. "The pattern and colors are perfect, that is a magnificent costume."

The chief usher said, "The canopy, which is to be carried over your Majesty in the procession is waiting for your Majesty without."

"Well, I am ready," the Emperor said. "Do not the things fit well?" And he turned again to the looking glass, for he wished it to appear as if he were examining his attire carefully. The pages, who were to carry the train, stooped, and pretended to lay hold of something on the ground, as if they were raising the train, which they then pretended to hold up, for they would not have it appear that they could not see anything.

So the Emperor walked in the procession, under the magnificent canopy; and all the people in the street and in the windows said, "The Emperor's clothes are not to be equalled; and what a magnificent train he has." No one would let it appear that he did not see anything, for if so, he would have been unfit for his situation, or very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had so much success as these.

"But he has nothing on," said at length a little child.

"Good heavens! listen to the innocent thing's voice!" its father said. And one whispered to the other what the child had uttered, "But he has nothing on!" all the people cried at last.

This perplexed the Emperor, for it appeared to him that they were right; but he said to himself, "Now that I have begun it I must go on with the procession." And the pages continued to carry the train which had no existence.

Andersen's Fairy Tales.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION.

Poor John was very sad, for his father was so dangerously ill that there was no hopes of his recovery. Besides those two there was no one else in the little room, where the lamp on the table was near going out, as it had grown late.

"You have always been a good son, John," his father said, "and the Lord will help you on in the world." He looked at him with mild, earnest eyes, and drawing a deep breath died. It was just as if he were asleep. John cried, for now he had no one in the whole world, neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. Poor John!

The next day the dead body was buried; John followed close behind the coffin, and in this world never again was he to see his good father who had loved him so much.

Early the next morning John packed his small bundle, and secured

in his girdle; and with this he was about to wander forth into the world, but first he went to the churchyard to his father's grave, where he prayed and said, "Farewell, my dear father. I will always be good and therefore you may beg of the Lord that it may go well with me."

Out in the fields, where he now went, the flowers stood so fresh and beautiful in the warm sunshine, and they nodded in the wind, just as if they meant to say, "Welcome out here in the green fields! Is it not beautiful?" But John turned once more to look at the old church, where, as a little child, he had been christened, and where he had gone every Sunday with his father to divine service.

John thought how many beautiful things he would see in the large magnificent world, and he went on and farther on - farther than he had ever been. The places through which he passed he did not know at all, nor the people whom he met.

The first night he had to sleep on a haycock in the open field, for he had no other bed; but just that he thought delightful. No king could be better off. He might sleep in perfect security, which he did, and did not wake till the sun rose, and the little birds all around sang, "Good-morning, good-morning! Are you not up yet?"

The bells rang for church, for it was Sunday, and the people went to hear the clergyman. John followed them, sang a hymn and listened to the Word of God, and it seemed to him exactly as if he were in the church where he had been christened, and where he had sung hymns with his father.

Outside the church door there stood an old beggar, supporting himself on his crutches, to whom John gave the pence, and then went on happy and cheerful. He had just left the forest when a man's voice called after him, "Hallo, comrade! where are you going?"

"Out into the wide world," John answered. "I have neither father nor mother, and am poor, but the Lord will help me."

"I am going into the wide world too," the stranger said, "so let us go together."

"With all my heart," John said. So they went on, and soon grew friends. John soon found that his companion was by far more clever than he, for he had travelled nearly all over the world, and knew something of everything. They travelled many, many miles, till at last they came to a city in which was a magnificent marble palace in which a king lived. An innkeeper told them that the King was a very good man, but his daughter was oh such a wicked Princess! Of beauty she had enough, for there was no one to compare with her; but of what use was that, when she was a wicked cruel witch, and was the cause of so many excellent young Princes losing their lives? She gave permission to all to woo her, be it Prince or beggar, it was all the same to her, and he need only guess three thoughts of hers at the time of her asking them. If he could do this she would marry him, and he should be King of the whole country after her father's death; but if he could not guess them, she then had him hanged or beheaded.

"The hateful Princess!" John thought, "she ought to be whipped."

They then heard the people without shouting "Hurrah!" The Princess was passing, and she was so beautiful that all forgot how wicked she was, and therefore they shouted "Hurrah!"

When John saw her he turned as red as a drop of blood, and he could scarcely utter a word. She was so beautiful that he could not help loving her. "Everyone is allowed to woo her, even the poorest beggar, and I will therefore go to the palace for I cannot help it." Everyone advised him not to do so, for he would be sure to share the fate of all the others.

Towards evening the travelling companion prepared a bowl of punch, saying, "Now we will drink to the Princess's health!" But when John had drunk two glasses he became so sleepy that it was quite impossible for him to keep his eyes open, and he sank into a sound sleep. His companion then gently put him to bed.

As soon as it had grown quite dark, he took his two large magic wings, fastened them on his shoulders, and putting his magic fern-leaves in his pocket, he flew straight to the palace, and sat himself in a corner of the window of the Princess's bedroom. It had just struck twelve when the window opened, and the Princess in a long white cloak and with black wings flew away to a large mountain. The travelling companion made himself invisible and flew after her. Soon they came to the mountain, which opened to the Princess's knock, and they saw an old magician seated on a throne in the middle of the room. He kissed the Princess on the forehead, and made her sit by his side, and then the music began. No one could see John's companion, who had taken his station immediately behind the throne, where he heard and saw everything.

The Princess told the magician that there was a new pretender for her hand, and consulted him about what she should think of when he came to the palace the following morning. "Attend," the magician said, "while I tell you. First, think of your shoes; then of your glove, and lastly of my head. He will never guess them all." Then, taking her by the hand, they danced about until the Princess said she must go home for fear she might be missed. The magician accompanied her to the palace, where he said "good-bye" and returned to his mountain.

It was quite early in the morning when John arose, and his companion who got up at the same time told him that he had had a strange dream about the Princess, her glove, a shoe, and a magician's head, wherefore he begged him to ask her whether or not it was of them she was thinking. "I may as well ask that as anything else," John said, and then bade his friend goodbye, and went to the palace. The time soon came for him to guess what she was thinking of, and oh how lovingly she looked at him, but when he had made three correct guesses she turned white as a sheet and her whole frame trembled. At length however the Princess arose and gave John her hand, saying, "You are now my master, and this evening our marriage will take place."

The old King said it was as it should be, and all the people shouted "Hurrah!" The marriage festivities lasted a whole month, John and the Princess loving each other with their whole hearts and together they ruled over the kingdom for many years.

Adapted from Andersen's Fairy Tales.

THE FOUNDING OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

Raddison and his brother-in-law Groseilliers were unjustly treated in their own country. They therefore resolved to go to England. Upon their arrival in the City of London they were kindly received by King Charles. He was much interested in what they told him of the Hudson Bay fur trade, but being busy with war just then, he turned them and their affairs over to his cousin, Prince Rupert. Prince Rupert talked much with the French explorers of the wealth which they said was to be gained from the beaver skins of the new world, and in the Spring of 1668 fitted them out with two ships, in which the explorers were to sail to the Hudson's Bay.

Raddison was in command of the *Eaglet*, and Mr. Gooseberry (as the English called Groseilliers) sailed in the *Nonsuch*. They were glad indeed to once again turn their faces toward that life of the wild, free woods which they loved. But disappointment was in store for one of them. Fierce storms arose, and when they had subsided, the *Eaglet*, with the chafing Raddison aboard limped lamely into dock in the Thames; but Groseilliers reached Hudson's Bay safely.

After sailing southward they came to a river, which they named Rupert in honor of their princely patron, and the rude stockaded log Fort which they hurriedly built on the shore was named Charles, after the King.

The Indians were delighted to have the Fort there. They brought all their furs to the white men, and promised to come again with more.

The long cold winter was spent at Fort Charles, but when the ice broke up in the spring, Groseilliers and his men sailed back to England with a load of rich furs. Just how rich the cargo of the *Nonsuch* was we do not know, for there is no record left; but we do know that it was such as to cause the owners to apply to the King for a Royal Charter granting them the sole right to trade and rule in the regions about Hudson's Bay.

On May 2nd, 1670, King Charles granted a Charter incorporating "The Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay."

The real founders of this great company were the two penniless but resolute French adventurers, Groseilliers and Raddison.

Other trading posts besides Fort Charles were built on the shores of the Hudson Bay. The men who were sent out to take charge of them had lonely times, with nothing to break the dullness of the long years but the Indians bringing in the furs and the English ships which came and went every summer when the bay was clear of ice. The ships brought the blue beads, looking-glasses, bright handkerchiefs, knives, needles, guns, powder and shot used in trade with the Indians, and carried back loads of pretty furs. Better still for the lonely trader, they brought him letters from home, and carried away his message to friends across the ocean.

The fur traders could not talk about pounds or dollars to the Indians, who knew nothing of the white men's money, so

beaver skins were taken instead. The Indians always understood when told how many beaver skins an article was worth, or how many beaverskins' worth of goods their piles of furs would bring.

Adapted from "Where the Buffalo Roamed"

By E. L. Marsh.

TRAY AND TIGER.

An ancient fable tells us about a good spaniel named Tray, who got into trouble by making friends with a bad mastiff named Tiger.

Tray was travelling alone along the road one day, when he overtook Tiger, who was travelling in the same direction. Although Tray had never seen the big dog before, he thought that it would be very pleasant to have company. So he proposed to Tiger that they should travel together. Tiger was a surly and quarrelsome dog, but just then he seemed to be in a better mood than usual, so he said to Tray that he would be very glad to have his company.

As they moved along they soon found themselves in a village. Alas! here the surly disposition of the big mastiff soon began to show itself. Tiger was not willing to journey peaceably through the street. His quarrelsome nature led him to attack every dog he met. This made the village people very angry. They rushed into the street with clubs and stones, and beat and pelted the big dog until he howled with pain. And what about poor Tray? He had not attacked the village dogs, but the people did not know that. They saw him in bad company, and of course they thought he was just as bad as his friend. So they beat him cruelly too, and the poor spaniel was fortunate to escape with his life.

Aesop.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN.

There was once a blind man who met a lame man on a bad stretch of road. He asked the lame man to be kind enough to help him over the rough place.

"I cannot do it," said the lame man. "I am not strong enough. I can hardly drag myself over; but you are strong. If you will carry me, I shall guide you, and we shall both be able to move along."

"Very well," said the blind man. And he took the lame man on his back. One man used his strength, and the other used his eyes, and they soon passed over the troublesome place.

Aesop.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS
or
THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

ap. 40 Feb/45

An old man had many sons, who were often falling out with one another. When the father had exerted his authority, and used other means in order to reconcile them, and all to no purpose, at last he decided to do as follows:-

He ordered his sons to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought, and then commanded them, one by one, to try if, with all their might and strength, they could any of them break it. They all tried, but to no purpose, for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it. After this the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it, which, when each did with all imaginable ease, the father addressed himself to them to this effect:-

"Oh, my sons, behold the power of unity! For if you, in like manner, would but keep yourselves strictly bound together in the bonds of friendship, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you; but when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon do you fall to pieces, and are liable to be hurt by every injurious hand that assaults you!"

Union is Strength.

THE BALD KNIGHT.

ap. 40

A certain Knight growing old, his hair fell off, and he became bald; to hide which imperfection he wore a periwig. But as he was riding out with some others a-hunting, a sudden gust of wind blew off the periwig and exposed his bald pate. The company could not forbear laughing at the accident; and he himself laughed as loud as anybody, saying: "How was it to be expected that I should keep strange hair upon my head when my own would not stay there?"

If a joke is made against you, add another to it.

Aesop's Fables.

THE TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER.

A trumpeter being taken prisoner in a battle begged pard for quarter, declaring his innocence and protesting that he neither had nor could kill any man, bearing no arms, but only a trumpet, which he was obliged to sound at the word of command.

"For that reason," replied his enemies, "we are determined not to spare you, for though you yourself never fight, yet with that wicked instrument of yours you blow up animosity between other people, and so become the occasion of much bloodshed.

Aesop's Fables.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

One hot sultry day, a wolf and a lamb happened to come just at the same time to quench their thirst at the stream of a clear silver brook that ran tumbling down the side of a rocky mountain. The wolf stood upon the higher ground, and the lamb some distance from him further down the current. However, the wolf, having a mind to pick a quarrel with him, asked him what he meant by disturbing the water and making it so muddy that he could not drink, and at the same time demanded satisfaction.

The lamb, brightened at this threatening charge, told him, in a tone as mild as possible, that with humble submission he could not conceive how that could be since the water which he drank ran down from the wolf to him, and therefore it could not be disturbed so far up the stream.

"Be that as it will," replied the wolf; "you are a rascal, and I have been told that you treated me with ill language behind my back about half a year ago."

"Upon my word," says the lamb, "the time you mention was before I was born."

The wolf, finding it to no purpose to argue any longer against truth, fell into a great passion, snarling and foaming at the mouth as if he had been mad, and drawing nearer to the lamb, "Sirrah," says he, "if it was not you it was your father, and that's all one."

So he seized the poor innocent lamb, tore it to pieces and made a meal of it.

A Tyrant does not trouble to justify his excuses.

Aesop's Fables.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Did you ever hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day when the famous scientist was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which he had made during these twenty years. When his master was gone the little dog awoke, and while playing round the room, jumped upon the table and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed Newton opened the door, and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death, but Newton, with his usual kindness, merely patted him on the head, although grief was at his heart.

"Oh Diamond, Diamond!" exclaimed he. "Little thou knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

One afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage in a fertile and populous valey, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features. This Great Stone Face was a work of nature, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was a happy lot for the children in the valley to grow up to manhood and womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart that embraced all mankind in its affections and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to the benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As the mother and her son, whose name was Ernest, continued to talk about the Great Stone Face, the boy said, "Mother, if I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, sometime or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told her when she herself was even younger than little Ernest; a story not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come, a story nevertheless so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they said, it had been murmured by the mountain streams and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. This story was that at some future date a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

And Ernest never forgot the story; it was always in his mind. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands and more with his loving heart. In this manner he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with intelligence beaming from his face. Yet he had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When

the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration.

As time went on there were many apparent fulfilments of the ancient prophecy which had excited such hope and longing in the boy's heart. First came the merchant, Mr. Gathergold, who had gone forth from the valley in childhood and had now returned with great wealth. Ernest thought of all the ways by which a man of wealth might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and he waited the great man's coming, hoping to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountainside. But he turned sadly away from the people who were shouting, "The very image of the Great Stone Face," and gazed up the valley, where, gilded in the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had so impressed themselves into his soul.

Ten years later it began to be rumored that one who had gone forth to be a soldier, and was now a great general, bore striking likeness to the Great Stone Face. Again, when Ernest was in middle life, there came a report that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the shoulders of an eminent statesman. But in both soldier and statesman the cherished hopes of the dwellers in the valley were doomed to disappointment, and Ernest became an aged man with his childhood's prophecy yet unfulfilled.

Meantime Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Wise and busy men came from far to converse with him. While they talked together his face would kindle unawares, and shine upon them as with mild evening light. Passing up the valley as they took their leave, and pausing to look at the Great Stone Face, his guests imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a new poet had made his way to fame. He likewise was a native of the valley. The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. As he read stanzas that caused his soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so kindly. "O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning found him at Ernest's cottage.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading. "You have read these poems," said he. "You know me then, for I wrote them."

Again and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined

the poet's features. But his countenance fell, he shook his head and sighed.

"You hoped," said the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face, and you are disappointed. I am not worthy to be typified by yonder image. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived - and that, too, by my own choice - among poor and mean realities." The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So likewise were those of Ernest. At the hour of sunset, as had long been his custom, Ernest was to preach to the people in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot.

At a small elevation, set in a rich framework of vegetation, Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon the audience. He began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his mind and heart. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and the thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistened with tears as he gazed reverently at the venerable man. At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted, "Behold, behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (Adapted).

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

One morning, when Hercules was a fair-faced lad of twelve years, he was sent out to do an errand which he disliked very much. As he walked slowly along the road, his heart was full of bitter thoughts; and he murmured because others no better than himself were living in ease and pleasure, while for him there was little but labor and pain. Thinking upon these things, he came after a while to a place where two roads met, and he stopped, not certain which one to take.

The road on his right was hilly and rough, and there was no beauty in it or about it; but he saw that it lead straight towards the blue mountains in the far distance. The road on the left was broad and smooth, with shade trees on either side, where sang thousands of beautiful birds; and it went winding in and out, through groves and green meadows, where bloomed countless flowers; but it ended in fog and mist long before reaching

the wonderful mountains of blue. While the lad stood in doubt as to which way he should go, he saw two women coming towards him, each by a different road. The one who came down the flowery way reached him first, and Hercules saw that she was beautiful as a summer day. Her cheeks were red, her eyes sparkled, her voice was like the music of morning.

"O noble youth," she said, "this is the road which you should choose, It will lead you into pleasant ways where there is ~~neither toil, nor hard study, nor drudgery of any kind.~~ Your ears shall always be delighted with sweet sounds, and your eyes with things beautiful and gay; and you need do nothing but play and enjoy the hours as they pass."

By this time the other fair woman had drawn near, and she now spoke to the boy. "If you take my road," said she, "you will find that it is rocky and rough, and that it climbs many a hill and descends into ~~many a valley~~ and quagmire. The views which you will sometimes get from the hill tops are grand and glorious, while the deep valleys are dark and the uphill ways are toilsome; but the road leads to the blue mountains of endless fame, of which you can see faint glimpses far away. They cannot be reached without labor; there is nothing worth having but must be won through toil. If you would gain the love of your fellowmen, you must love them and suffer for them; if you would be a man, you must make yourself strong by the doing of manly deeds." Then the boy saw that this woman, although at first her face seemed very plain, was as beautiful as the dawn, or the flowery fields after a summer rain.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Some call me Labor," she answered, "but others know me as Truth."

"And what is your name?" he asked, turning to the first lady.

"Some call me pleasure," she said, with a smile, "but I choose to be known as the Joyous One."

"And what can you promise me at the end if I go with you?"

"I promise nothing at the end. That I give, I give at the beginning."

"Labor," said Hercules, "I shall follow your road. I want to be strong and manly, and worthy of the love of my fellows. And whether I shall ever reach the blue mountains or not, I want to have the reward of knowing that my journey has not been without some worthy aim."

James Baldwin.

THE GIFT OF ATHENS.

Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom, was the favorite daughter of Zeus. While she was still young, a beautiful city was founded in Greece. From Olympus the gods watched the building of the city with great interest. When it was finished a question arose among them. What should the new city be

called? Each god wanted to have the honor of giving a name to it.

"I gladly withdraw from the contest," said Apollo. "I think my sister, Athene, should name the new city, that it may have wisdom and peace."

"Aye, brother Apollo," spoke up Ares, the god of war, "but the new city will need soldiers to defend it. It seems to me that I should name it, and bestow upon it warlike strength."

"It is my wish," said Father Zeus, "that this city be named Athens or Ares. Peace is good, but war is necessary. So, Ares, create the most useful thing in your power, and Athens, do you likewise. We other gods shall sit in council, and decide which of you brings forth the most useful thing."

The young god of war pondered deeply. What did men need most? He thought and thought. At last an idea came to him, and he created the horse. Then he went before the council of the gods.

"Assembled gods," he said, "you who know all things will surely see that nothing could be of greater use to man than the creature I have made. This noble animal is little lower than man himself, and he will be the best servant man has ever had. This steed will carry his master to battle, and will take him back again to safety. He will till his master's fields, and serve him in a thousand other ways."

"You have done well, Ares," said Father Zeus, "and I doubt whether your fair sister can create a more useful thing." And all the gods and goddesses nodded their heads. But just at this moment Athens entered. In her hand she bore a slender olive tree. She placed it in the midst of the assembly. A loud laugh rang through the great hall, and many of the gods and goddesses looked with scorn upon the tiny sapling.

"Art thou jesting with us, fair Athene?" asked Hermes.

"Nay, nay, Hermes," said Zeus, "who knew Athene better than all the rest. Athene jests not with the assembled gods. I never knew her yet to do an unwise thing. Speak daughter, let us hear thy meaning."

"This little tree," Athene said, "will bring health and happiness to men. It will grow and multiply, till all the hills and valleys shall be covered with its groves. It shall bear fruit and oil, for food and medicine. Its leaves shall protect men from the heat of the sun, and shall also supply a medicine for many ills. Its wood shall be useful to make all kinds of things for man's daily need, or it will warm him when he is cold. Every twig shall have a use. Besides, it shall be a sign of peace. The horse which Ares had made will carry men to war, and war means woe. But this little tree will bring health and happiness, and those who cultivate it shall have peace and plenty."

The gods saw readily that Athene's gift was the more useful to man, so they declared that the new city should be named after her, and that she should ever be its guardian. Accordingly, the city was called Athens, and its inhabitants were taught to honor Pallas Athene - the goddess of wisdom - as their patron.

Chas. M. Stebbins.

A YOUNG PATRIOT.

When "The Young Pretender", the grandson of James II, was seeking to escape from his pursuers after the battle of Culloden, he was hard pressed by an English captain. A price of 30,000 pounds had been put upon the head of the Prince, and the captain was naturally very anxious to earn this reward.

One day when the captain came to a cave near Loch Awe, there were marks upon the ground which led him to believe that the Prince and his followers had been there. He looked around and saw a Scotsman approaching. He immediately ordered his men to secure him. Then he asked him if he had seen the Prince, and, if so, which road he had taken. It so happened that the Prince and his small body of followers had been there, and the Scotsman had seen them go in a certain direction, but not wishing to betray him, he told the captain that he had gone a different way.

They were about to set out in the direction the Scotsman had pointed out, when another Scot appeared. He too was seized and questioned. But the man was slow to answer. To the captain's repeated demands as to which way the Prince went, he repeatedly answered, "I dinna ken." "Liars both," cried the enraged captain to his men. He said, "Keep them both bound until I see whether the Prince has gone in the direction pointed out, and if not, they shall both be shot."

Just then a little ragged, bare-footed boy about twelve years old came on the scene. "Now we shall find out," said the officer, "children always speak the truth."

"What is thy name, boy?" he cried.

"Sawndy MacPherson," the boy replied.

"Did'st see the Prince pass, my lad?"

"Ay, I did."

"Tell me which way he went, and tell me truly, or else thou shalt die," - laying his hand on his sword.

"I ken, but I'll no tell thee," replied Sawndy, looking into the enemy's face with his steady blue eyes.

"No tell? Then I'll beat thee until thou dost."

With that the captain struck him so smartly on the side with the blunt edge of his sword that the lad cried out with pain.

"Tell me, fool, or I'll cut thy flesh from off thy bones," roared the enraged officer.

"Nay," answered the lad, "a MacPherson would never betray his Prince. Ye may kill me, gin ye will, but ye'll no make me tell."

The officer could appreciate a brave spirit, and he was so pleased with the lad's answer that his anger quite vanished, and he gave Sawndy a small silver cross as a token of his appreciation of his conduct. It is said that this silver cross is still preserved in the MacPherson family.

Selected.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

At about the time the two little Princes were murdered in the Tower of London there was living in England a little boy of seven named Thomas More. He was a kind, good-natured little fellow, fond of animals, and always saying funny things. His father, who was one of the judges of the land, was very glad to see that his little son was such a bright boy, and thought to himself, "He shall serve the King some day."

At that time the King's minister was an old man who had seen many changes, and who had been a true friend to the King many times when the sovereign had been in danger of his life.

As the boy grew up, his father sent him to live at the house of this old minister, so that he might by watching what was done, and by helping the old man, find out how the business of the King ought to be conducted.

As the old man was, next to the King, the most important man in the country, a great many others of the chief men and women came often to his house. The boy was fond of hearing these visitors talk, and stored up for use in after life much of what he heard. The old minister grew very fond of the merry, kind-hearted, and bright little boy, and often said, "Whoever may live to see it, that boy will become a great man."

Thomas was sent to one of the chief schools of the country, and learned eagerly, making a great many friends. On becoming a man, he made up his mind to use all his knowledge for the good of the people of England. Soon he became one of the law-makers of the country, and on one occasion when the King wished to make the people pay more taxes than was right, young Thomas was not afraid to speak against the proposal.

He was one of the best lawyers of his day, and helped many poor people to get out of trouble. At Chelsea he had a home, which he thought the best place in all the world, for there were his little children and their mother. He often used to bring his friends home to show them his children, and their rabbits and pet monkey. King Henry himself would come sometimes and walk with him up and down the pleasant garden. When he had to be away from home, he would send nice little letters to his children.

The King was very fond of Thomas, and made him Lord Chancellor of England. But soon Henry became tired of his wife, and wanted to make changes that the Chancellor thought were wrong. More felt that he could not do as the King wanted, and so gave up his Chancellorship. But King Henry was determined that every man should swear that what he had done was right, and he was cruel enough to put to death many who would not do this.

More was brought up before the Court, and many of his friends tried hard to get him to submit in order to save his life. But he said, "I must do what I believe to be right." His enemies were very cruel, and said all sorts of wicked and untrue things about him, and would hardly let him speak to show them to be false. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London for more than a year, and there he was treated so badly that when he was brought out to be put to death his hair had turned quite white, and he was so weak that he had to walk with a stick.

His daughter Margaret rushed through the crowd of soldiers that were around him, and hung upon his neck weeping, begging him to swear as the King wished. To say "No" to the daughter that he loved was worse to the father than death, but he only said kindly, "I cannot do that."

When he came to the place where his head was to be cut off, he spoke cheerfully to his friends around, and said to the headsman, "Friend, you are going to do me the greatest kindness that any man can, for you will open the door to the great life after this one."

The axe fell, and good Sir Thomas More was dead. His head was fixed on a spike on London Bridge, but the brave daughter came and stole it away. She kept it till she herself died, when it was buried with her.

Selected.

A QUARREL AMONG QUAILS.

Long, long ago, and far, far away, a flock of quails lived in a forest. There was only one thing that made them unhappy. A quail catcher lived near by. They would answer his call, and when a number of them had gathered together, he would throw a large net over them. Then he would ~~cram~~ them into a basket and carry them off to be sold. But there was a ~~very~~ wise quail in the flock. One day he said to the others, "I have ~~been~~ thinking about our troubles with this fowler. I think I have a ~~plan by~~ which we can escape from his net."

All the quails were, of course, anxious to hear about it, and so he explained his plan as follows:- "Hereafter," he said, "when the fowler throws his net over us, let each one of us put his head through a mesh, then let all of us lift together, and fly away with the net. When we reach a safe place we will let the net fall on a thorn bush and then fly from under it."

All quickly agreed to the plan.

For many days the fowler tried to trap the quails, but they always escaped by carrying out the wise quail's plan. One day after he had returned home with an empty basket, his wife asked in an angry tone, "Why is it that you never bring home any more birds?"

The fowler answered, "I cannot catch them. They are too wise for me. All of the birds act together. They all help one another. If they would only quarrel I could catch them without any trouble."

Alas! a few days later, as the birds were alighting on the feeding ground, one of them trod on a brother quail. He was very angry, and shouted, "Who trod on my head?"

"I did," said the other quail. "Please do not be angry, for I did not mean to."

But this did not satisfy the angry brother. Again he shouted, "It was I who lifted the net of the fowler. You did not lift it at all!"

Now this made the other quail angry, and it was not long before the whole flock was taking part in the quarrel. This gave the fowler his chance. Once more he uttered the call of the quails, and as soon as some of them had gathered where he had scattered food, he threw the large net over them. They were still quarreling, and were not working together to lift the net. The fowler quickly lifted the net himself and crammed the poor quails into his basket. But the wise quail was not among them. He had called his friends together and had flown into the woods. He knew that quarrels bring misfortune, and was wise enough to avoid them.

Retold from the Jataka.

THE TONGUE AND HOW TO USE IT.

A young lady once went to a good man, Saint Philip Neri, to confess her sins. He knew one of her faults only too well. She was not a bad-hearted girl, but she often talked of her neighbors, and spoke idle tales about them. These tales were told again by others, and much harm was done and no good.

Saint Philip said to her, "My daughter, you do wrong to speak ill of others, and I order you to perform penance. You must buy a fowl in the market; then walk out of the town, and as you go along the road pull the feathers from the bird and scatter them. Do not stop until you have plucked every feather. When you have done this, come back and tell me."

The young lady said to herself that this was a singular punishment to suffer. But she made no objection. She bought the fowl, walked out, and plucked the feathers as she had been bidden. Then she went to Saint Philip and reported what she had done.

"My daughter," said the Saint, "you have carried out the first part of the penance. Now there is a second part."

"Yes, father."

"You must go back the way you came, and pick up all the feathers."

"But, father, this cannot be done. By this time the wind has blown them all ways. I might pick up some, but I could not possibly gather them all."

"Quite true, my daughter, and is it not so with the unwise words that you let fall? Have you not often dropped idle tales from your lips, and have they not gone this way and that, carried from mouth to mouth until they are quite beyond you? Could you possibly follow them, and recall them if you wanted to do so?"

"No, father."

"Then, my daughter, when you are inclined to say unkind things about your neighbors, close your lips. Do not scatter these light and evil feathers by the wayside."

F. J. Gould.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

In olden times a king ordered a fete in commemoration of the birth of his exquisitely beautiful daughter. He invited not only friends and relations but wise women who, he hoped, would favor the child and endow her with precious gifts. There were thirteen wise women in his realm, but because he had only twelve gold plates for them to eat off, one of the thirteen had to stay at home.

The fete was celebrated with the greatest splendour, and, when it was over, the wise women presented the child with magic gifts. The first gave her virtue; the second, riches; the third, beauty, and so on until she had nearly all the heart of a human being can desire. But just as the eleventh had made her presentation, the thirteenth suddenly burst in. She wanted to be revenged for not being invited to the banquet, and without greeting or looking at anyone, she proclaimed in a loud voice, "The princess shall in her fifteenth year die from the prick of a spindle." Without speaking another word she turned and left the hall. Everyone was shocked; then the twelfth wise woman, who still had her wish to give, stepped forward and because she was powerless to cancel the sentence of the thirteenth but could only modify it, she said, "The princess shall not die from the injury, but fall asleep for a hundred years."

The king was anxious to guard his beloved child from the predicted ~~misfortune~~, and ordered every ~~spinning-wheel~~ in his kingdom to be burnt. But the ~~promises~~ of the other wise women were fulfilled to the letter, for the young princess grew up gifted with beauty, goodness, courtesy, grace and intelligence to such a degree that every one who came near her adored her. It happened that on her fifteenth birthday the princess was alone in the castle because the king and the queen were obliged to leave her and go on a journey. The girl amused herself by running about in the corridors and rooms, and exploring all sorts of out-of-the-way corners. At last she came to a small ancient tower. She climbed the winding staircase and found herself in front of a little door. There was a rusty key in the lock and, directly she turned it the door sprang open, and there in a tiny room sat an aged dame before a spinning-wheel, spinning her flax industriously.

"Good-day, old motherkin," said the princess. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," replied the old woman, nodding her head.

"What is that thing that goes round so merrily?" asked the princess, and she took hold of the spinning-wheel to see if she could spin too. Scarcely had she touched it when the spindle pricked her finger, and at the very same instant she sank on the couch behind her in a profound slumber, and this slumber spread over the whole castle. The king and the queen, who had just come home, fell fast asleep in the hall, and the whole court followed suit. The horses in the stable slept, the dogs in the kennel, and pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, yes, and even the fire that had been flickering on the hearth

stood still and went to sleep. The roast on the spit stopped crackling, and the cook, who was in the act of pulling the scullion's hair because he had forgotten something, let him go and they both fell asleep, and the wind slumbered in the trees round the castle, and not a leaf stirred.

But encircling the castle there grew up a hedge of thorn, and it grew and grew till it was so thick and high it hid the castle completely from view, even the flag on the top of the highest tower. The legend went abroad in the land that a beautiful princess slept behind the thorn hedge, and now and again a prince would come and try to cut his way through it into the castle. But no one ever seemed able to accomplish the feat.

The thorns, as if they were fingers, caught hold of the youths and gripped them fast, so that they could not get away, and were obliged to hang there and perish miserably.

After many years, a prince while travelling in the country heard the story of the thorn-hedge from an old man, and how a castle stood behind it, and in the castle lay a lovely princess called Thorn-rose, who had been sleeping for a hundred years, and the king and queen and all the courtiers with her. The old man heard from his grandfather that many royal youths had tried to penetrate the thorn-hedge, but remained hanging there and so died a lamentable death.

The foreign prince said, "I am not afraid. I will start at once and see this sleeping beauty." It was in vain that the old man prayed him not to go. He was determined and would not heed his warning.

It was the day on which the hundred years had expired, and the Princess Thorn-rose was to wake up again. When the prince arrived at the notorious thorn-hedge there were no thorns, but only beautiful big flowers that parted of their own accord and let him go through unhurt and then closed up again. In the castle yard he saw the horses and the great deer-hounds lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads tucked under their wings. On entering into the house there were the flies sleeping on the wall, the cook in the kitchen with his hand outstretched as if he would seize the scullion's hair, and the cook-maid standing asleep before a black hen which she had been in the act of plucking.

The prince went on into the great hall and saw the king, and queen asleep at the foot of their throne and all the courtiers lying about sleeping on the chairs and sofas. Then he went on still farther and the silence was so profound that his own breathing could be heard distinctly. At last he came to the old tower and opened the door of the little room in which the Princess Thorn-rose slept. She lay there looking so lovely that he could not take his eyes off her, and he bent down and gave her a kiss. At the touch of his lips Thorn-rose's lids quivered; then she opened her eyes and looked at him with a friendly smile.

Together they went downstairs and the king and queen awoke, and the whole court stared at them in wonder. The horses in the yard got up and champed; the sporting dogs shook themselves and wagged their tails; the pigeons shook their heads from under their wings, looked about, and then flew away; the flies crawled

farther up on the wall; the kitchen grate leaped up in flames; the meat began to sputter; the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he howled; the cook-maid went on plucking the fowl. Not long afterwards the marriage of the prince and his princess Thorn-rose came off amidst great festivities, and they lived happily together for the rest of their lives.

The Brothers Grimm.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

Alexander Graham Bell was born in Edinburgh in 1847, and received his early education in the schools of that city. He later studied in Germany, where he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He took an early interest in the study of speech, being especially anxious to aid his mother, who was deaf. He himself has told of a boyhood invention: "My father once asked my brother Melville and myself to try and make a speaking machine. So we went to work. We divided the task - he was to make the lungs and the vocal cords, I was to make the mouth and the tongue. He made a bellows for the lungs and a very good vocal apparatus out of rubber. I procured a skull and molded a tongue with rubber stuffed with cotton wool, and supplied the soft parts of the throat with the same material. Then I arranged the joints, so the jaw and the tongue could move. It was a great day for us when we fitted the two parts of the device together. Did it speak? It squeaked and squawked a good deal, and it made a very passable imitation of "Ma-ma, Ma-ma." It sounded very much like a baby. So we proceeded to use it to make people think there was a baby in the house."

The inventor tells of another boyhood invention, thus: "I remember my first invention very well. There were several of us boys and we were fond of playing round a mill. One day the miller said, "Why don't you do something useful instead of just playing all the time?" I said, "What can we do that is useful?" He took up a handful of wheat, ran it over in his hand and said, "Look at that! If you could get the husks off that wheat that would be doing something useful." So I took some wheat home with me and experimented. I found the husks came off without much difficulty. I tried brushing them off and they came off beautifully. Then it occurred to me that brushing was nothing but applying friction to them. If I could brush the husks off, why could they not be rubbed off?

There was in the mill a machine - I don't know what it was for, but it whirled its contents, whatever it was, around in a drum. I thought, "Why wouldn't the husks come off if the raw wheat was whirled around in that drum?" So back I went to the miller and suggested the idea to him.

"Why," he said, "that's a good idea." So he called his foreman and they tried it, and the husks came off beautifully, and they've been taking them off that way ever since. That was my

very first invention, and it led me to thinking for myself, and really had quite an influence on my way and methods of thought.

When Alexander was sixteen, his father secured for him a position as teacher of elocution, and this necessarily turned his thoughts into serious channels. He now spent his leisure studying sound. When he was twenty-one years of age, he went to London, where he associated with scientists, who had already made progress with the study of sounds. He learned that an electro-magnet could vibrate a tuning fork and so produce sound. The thought appealed to his imagination. It gave Bell a starting point, and his long search for the telephone began.

He sought the counsel of the greatest scientists, studied closely the recently-invented talking machine, and decided to devote himself to the problem of reproducing sounds by mechanical means. His work was first carried on in the Canadian town of Brantford, and later removed to Boston. In the latter city he achieved a national reputation teaching the deaf mutes in a school which Boston had opened for those thus afflicted. For a time telegraphy and telephony were laid aside, but fortunately Bell met with Mr. Sanders, who gave him encouragement in his search for a new means of communication. We may not follow the details of his subsequent career or the growth of his work. Suffice it that time brought its reward for the many years of unceasing toil and patient effort, and in March 1876 Bell, speaking into the instrument in the workroom, was heard and understood at the other instrument in the basement. The telephone had carried and delivered an intelligible message. But the public displayed no interest in the device; they regarded it as a mere toy. When it was a year old, less than a thousand telephones were in use, but as the years went by, it became a necessity, and its field of usefulness is fast being extended.

GALILEO.

Galileo was born in Italy in 1564. He was talented in many ways. When a boy he played the lute and even excelled his father, who was one of the most noted musicians of the day. He was very skilled in drawing, and some of the leading artists submitted work to him for criticism. He wrote essays on classical writers. He amused his boy companions by making toy machines. His preference was for mechanics but he took up the study of medicine because his father wished him to do so. When eighteen he entered the University of Pisa. There he showed that he wanted to think for himself and took part in so much discussion that he was named the "Wrangler"; and by his wrangling he lost a scholarship in the University. He neglected his medical studies and secretly studied mechanics. His father, learning this, consented to his becoming a mathematician.

It was while a student at the University that he discovered the law of pendulums. While in church he watched the swinging of the bronze lamp, timing its swinging by means of his pulse,

the only time-piece in his possession. He found that the time of one swing remained the same, though the length of the swing grew smaller and smaller. This discovery led to his invention of an instrument used by physicians in timing the pulse. About fifty years later he invented the pendulum clock.

Lack of time compelled him to leave the University, so he returned to his home and continued his studies there. Later he discovered the laws of floating bodies, which explains why a ship or other object floats on water, and he also invented a balance for weighing objects in water.

But such employment won nothing more substantial than honor and fame; for food and clothing were needed, and for two years he tried to secure employment, and finally was appointed to teach mathematics in the University of Pisa at sixty-three dollars a year.

While there he performed his interesting experiment with falling shot. From the top of the tower he let fall two shot, one weighing ten pounds and the other one pound. Those assembled saw the two shots fall together after starting together, and strike the ground at the same instant, and still refused to believe their eyes. They continued to affirm that the weight of ten pounds would reach the ground in one-tenth of the time taken for the pound weight, because the old teacher had said this. Thus Galileo made enemies of the other professors.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

At Charlestown, Mass., U.S.A. was born in 1791 Samuel F. B. Morse. He was the son of a well-known Congregational Minister and received his education in his home town and graduated from Yale in 1810. During his early life he had an intense ambition to become a painter. His father was able, by rigid economy, to provide means to send his son to Europe, where he under the guidance of prominent teachers made creditable progress.

On his return to the United States he fitted up a studio in Boston, where his pictures were admired but not bought; but he met with fair success as a portrait painter. For a time he travelled through a number of states, making portraits.

Some time about the year 1826, he began to devote himself to the study of electricity and magnetism, the results of which were to immortalize the name of Samuel Morse. From 1829 until 1832 he was in Europe, learning the views of the eminent scientific men upon the possibility of conveying intelligence by electricity, for he was not alone in his search.

When returning home on board the ship "Sully", it flashed upon Mr. Morse's mind that an electric current could be made to manifest its presence instantly at any point in a wire circuit; therefore why could not these manifestations be words! They could. Then he made a set of signals, now known as the Morse alphabet, which is the telegraphic language of the world to-day.

But it took years to convince the people that this was a wonderful and useful invention. Mr. Morse was regarded as a crack-brained enthusiast, and his invention a scientific toy.

At length, he prevailed upon Congress to grant him \$30,000 to construct a telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. It proved so successful that some of his troubles were at an end, although for several years yet Morse was burdened by lawsuits with persons who attempted to deprive him of the honor and profit so justly his due.

However, in 1847, the tide turned, and almost every nation in the world began to shower him with high honors. Medals, decorations, orders of knighthood were given without stint to the modest man, who could rarely be prevailed upon to display his insignia. On June 10, 1871, a great gathering was held in his honor in the Academy of Music, New York. A wire had been brought into the building by which telegraphic connection was established with all the leading cities in Europe and America. The instrument on the platform was the one he had used during his early experiments. When the message "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" was flashed over the wire, and when the venerable man, with his own hand, signalled his signature, S.F.B. Morse, the thunders of applause betokened the estimation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

At his beautiful, "Poughkeepsie", Mr. Morse died on the second of April 1872.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in the direst poverty in a mean little log cabin in Kentucky County, United States of America. His father was a shiftless farmer on a scrubby hill-side farm, his mother was a drudge, who died from overwork while she was still young in years. They were too poor to buy either books or slate for Abraham, but his mother taught him his letters and some words on the coal shovel with a piece of charcoal for a pencil. He never went to school for more than a year in all the days of his life. He was a ragged, forlorn, neglected little son of the soil; but he had in him the instincts of a scholar, the habits of a gentleman, and the yearnings of honorable ambition.

When about twelve years old, he heard of a man living several miles away who owned the "Life of Washington". Abraham longed to read it, so he set off on foot to the man's home and succeeded in borrowing the book. Every evening he read it by the flickering firelight of the earthen hearth, and was so absorbed in it that his mother had to drive him to bed. One night the rain and snow fell on it and spoiled the cover, as it lay between the logs in the wall of their cabin. When Abraham carried it back to the owner, he explained what had happened, and offered to work for the man for several days in order to pay for it. His offer was accepted and the book being then given

him, he proudly carried it home to use as a guide through life.

When he grew up, he had a very unattractive face and was most awkward in figure, but everybody loved him for his kind heart, and in whatever he did he always came out ahead. He could run the farthest of any one in the neighborhood, could split the most rails, could plough the deepest and straightest furrows, and in fact did everything perfectly.

In turn he was chore boy, farm hand, flatboatman, railsplitter, clerk storekeeper, soldier, inventor, surveyor, postmaster, congressman, country lawyer, politician, statesman, President, hero, and martyr. Climbing up to those different positions took Lincoln just fifty years.

During his term as President, there were four years of civil war between the Northern and the Southern States, the cause being the question of slavery. Lincoln, like most Northerners, believed that all men everywhere should be free, but the South refused to give up their slaves.

On September 22, 1862, Abraham Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation by virtue of which on and after January 1, 1863, "All persons held as slaves within any state or part of a state in rebellion against the United States shall be thenceforward and forever free.", and closed his announcement with these solemn words, "Upon this act sincerely believed to be an act of justice, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

The judgment of mankind today is that the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was the bravest, noblest, and most helpful deed of the century, and that the progress of the Republic since, which is appreciated by both the North and the South, is the best evidence that the brave act of the President obtained "the gracious favor of Almighty God". By that one act Abraham Lincoln made his name immortal.

In November 1864 he was re-elected President of the United States by two hundred and twelve out of two hundred and thirty-three votes cast. The closing of his inaugural address on that occasion was: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan - to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations."

One month later the great President's work was done. While he was planning measures for the good of all and was striving to make all Americans brothers once more, a harebrained adventurer shot him as he sat unconscious of danger, in the evening of April 14, 1865, and next morning the world mourned the death of one of its best and wisest of men.

MARIE SKŁODOWSKA CURIE.

Marie Curie, the child who dreamed of fairies in her father's class room and laboratory was to discover the greatest marvel of modern science - Radium.

Marie's mother, who had herself been a teacher, died when the child was very small; and so it happened that the busy father had to take sole care of her and make the laboratory do duty as nursery and play room. It was not strange that the bright, thoughtful little girl learned to love the things that were so dear to her father's heart. Would he not rather buy things for his work than have meat for dinner? Truth was indeed more than meat, and the love of learning more than raiment in that home, and the little daughter drank in his enthusiasm with the queer laboratory smells which were her native air and the breath of life to her. The time came when the child had to leave this nursery, to enter school, but always when the day's session was over, she went directly to that other school where she listened fascinated to all her father taught about the wonders of the inner world of atoms and the mysterious forces that make the visible world in which we live. She still believed in fairies, oh, yes! the rainbow fairies - light waves that make all the colors we see, and many more our eyes are not able to discover, but which we can capture by interesting experiments. There were sound-waves, too, and the marvelous forces we call electricity, magnetism, and gravitation. When she was nine years old, it was second nature to care for her father's batteries, beakers, and to help prepare the apparatus that was to be used in the demonstrations of the coming day.

When sixteen, Marie graduated from the "gymnasium" for girls, receiving a gold medal for excellence in mathematics and sciences. In Russia the gymnasium corresponds to our High Schools, but also covers some of the work of the first two years of college.

The position of governess to the two daughters of a Russian nobleman was offered to the brilliant girl with the sweet serious eyes and gentle voice. As it meant independence and a chance to travel and learn the ways of the world, Marie agreed to undertake the work. Now for the first time in her life, the young Polish girl knew work that was not a labor of love. Her pupils cared nothing for the thing that meant everything to her. How they loved luxury and show and gay chatter. How indifferent they were to truth that would make the world wiser and happier.

"How strangely you look, Mademoiselle Marie," said the little Countess Olga one day, in the midst of her French lesson. "Your eyes seem to see things far away." Marie was truly looking past her pupils, past the rich apartment, beyond Russia, into the great world of opportunity for all earnest workers. She was saying to herself, "I must leave Russia at once. My savings will surely take me to Paris, and there I may get a place as helper in one of the big laboratories, where I can learn as I work."

The eyes that had been dark with fear now became bright with

hope. Eagerly she planned to disguise and slip off the very next night while the household was in the midst of the excitement of a masquerade ball. Everything went well and in due time Marie found herself in a cold garret, which was all her slender means could afford in Paris. It was many a long day before she found work in that strange city, and although many hardships were endured, never for a moment did she doubt that there was work waiting for her in the big, unexplored world. After a time Marie married a most promising young scientist by the name of Pierre Curie. Then began that wonderful partnership of the two great scientists, whose hard work and heroic struggle, crowned at last by brilliant success, has been an inspiration to earnest workers the world over.

Madame Curie set up a little laboratory in their apartment, and toiled over her experiments at all hours. Her baby daughter was often bathed and dressed in this workroom among the test-tubes and the interesting fumes of advanced research.

At last their toil was rewarded and two new elements were separated from pitchblends - polonium, so named by Madame Curie in honor of her native Poland, and radium, the most marvelous of all radioactive substances. A tiny pinch of radium, which is something like coarse salt in appearance gives out a glow which is bright enough to read by. Its weird glow passes through bone or flesh as through tissue paper, and it penetrates an inch-thick iron plate, besides doing many other wonderful things.

It is said that it would take two thousand tons of pitchblende to produce a pound of radium, and as pitchblende is extremely difficult to procure, we need not wonder that radium is both rare and a hundred times more precious than pure gold.

The Curies at once became famous for their great discovery and in 1903 received half of the Nobel prize of \$40,000. But these modest workers wanted nothing for themselves; all they asked for was a chance to go on with their research. They lived in a tiny house in an obscure suburb of Paris, and for recreation went for walks in the country with Irene, often stopping for dinner at quaint inns among the trees.

FATHER LACOMBE - PIONEER CATHOLIC MISSIONARY.

Albert Lacombe was born in St. Sulpice, Quebec, in 1827. He was the son of thrifty French-Canadians, who were neither rich nor poor and but little educated. But ambition stirred in the breast of the young son; even as a boy he dreamed of being a "voyageur" in the great unknown West.

He attended college at Montreal, at which place he was ordained as a priest, and later took his departure for the West. The voyage was most unpleasant, for he had to travel over muddy roads through thick woods, over swollen streams, at times was attacked by roving bands of Indians, and worst of all had to endure the taunts and jeers of his fellow-passengers. Little wonder that the lights in the rude mission hut at Pembina were welcome!

His first task was to learn the Indian language, that he might adequately teach, and with this intention applied himself so perseveringly that he soon learned the language of the Sarcee, Blackfoot, Metis and Cree.

After being in charge of the Roman Catholic Mission at Pembina for a short time, Father Lacombe was sent to Fort Edmonton, which was then the headquarters of the prairie mission stations. Arriving there at last he was embarked on his life work. That work continued for more than sixty years and was principally among the Indians. Father Lacombe had a wonderful power over the Indians. They obeyed him implicitly, and even when they would not accept the strange new faith he taught them, he was allowed to come and go unmolested from their camps. He was loved and respected by most of the tribes, who called him "Man-of-the-good-heart."

It is almost impossible to record his deeds of kindness to the Indians, how he nursed large camps through epidemics of cholera, scarlet fever, typhoid, and even the dreaded smallpox. He resisted with all his power of influence and speech the sale of "firewater" that so demoralized his beloved proteges. He founded schools for Indian children, helped to build bridges, mills, hospitals, and in all his care for their physical welfare never forgot his vocation as a servant of God, and won many converts for the faith he loved.

It was owing to the advice of Father Lacombe to our Canadian Government that the Royal Northwest Mounted Police came into existence. Father Lacombe died in December 1916, and his most beloved monument is the Lacombe Home at Midnapore. Some few years before his death he began to realize that this new country was giving no thought to the old, the infirm, the orphans, and the poor, so he turned his energies towards getting a home for them. From a wealthy friend he secured two hundred acres of land containing a running stream, trees and slopes. In 1910 having collected \$30,000 for the home, Father Lacombe ordered its construction at a cost of twice that sum. On November 9, 1910, it was formally opened, and before six months had passed more than twenty orphans and aged were established there. So also was Father Lacombe, who lived in the home from the time it was built until his death.

MARCONI.

Guglielmo Marconi was born near Bologna, Italy, on April 25, 1874. He studied in the schools of his native city and Florence and early in life showed his interest in scientific affairs. From his mother, who was an Irishwoman, he learned English, which he speaks as fluently as he does his mother tongue.

As a youth, Marconi though quiet was not slothful. He entered into his studies with a determination and an application that brought him great results. Any scientific book or paper which came before him was eagerly devoured. It was this habit

of careful and persistent study that made it possible for Marconi to accomplish such wonderful things at an early age.

From these scientific books he had learned that man had discovered that electric waves would travel through the all-pervading ether; they had learned something of how to propagate those waves, and something of how to receive them. But no one had yet been able to combine these discoveries in practical form, to apply them to the task of carrying messages. That was the work Marconi had to do. He began his experiments upon his father's farm. He set up poles at the opposite sides of the garden and on them mounted the simple plates of tin for his aeralis. After much work and adjustment Marconi was able to send a message across the garden. By 1896 he had brought the apparatus to such a state of perfection that he could transmit messages several miles. At the age of twenty-one he had invented wireless telegraphy.

But the young inventor forged steadily ahead, studying and experimenting, devising improved apparatus, meeting the difficulties one by one as they arose.

The public at large received Marconi's invention as they had Bell's and Morse's, with much skepticism. However, in 1897, he succeeded in building wireless stations in England and communications being established between them, the invention proved itself. In July 1898 the wireless demonstrated its utility as a conveyor of news, when an enterprising Dublin newspaper published messages, which came by wireless, from a ship far out at sea.

This feat attracted so much attention that Queen Victoria sought the aid of the wireless for her own necessities. Her son, the Prince of Wales, lay ill on his yacht, and the aged queen desired to keep in constant communication with him. Marconi accordingly placed one station on the prince's yacht and another at Osborne House, the Queen's residence. Communication was readily maintained and one hundred and fifty messages passed by wireless between the prince and his royal mother.

The use of wireless for ships and lighthouses sprang into favor, and wireless stations were established all around the British coasts so that ships equipped with wireless might keep in communication with the land.

Following the establishment of wireless communication with France, Marconi increased the range of his apparatus until he was able to send messages across the Atlantic.

When the great liner "Republic" was sinking as a result of collision in 1903 her wireless brought her aid. Her passengers were taken off in safety, and what otherwise would have been a terrible disaster was avoided by the use of wireless. It was realized then that a wireless set on a passenger ship was necessary if the lives of the passengers were to be safeguarded. And nearly all governments in the world, by law, now require that passenger ships shall be equipped with wireless apparatus in charge of a competent operator.

Many young boys have established wireless stations, which have done the most interesting work and have proved of great use.

What startling developments of wireless telegraphy lie still in the future we do not know. Marconi has predicted that wireless messages will circle the globe.

JOSEPH LISTER.

Joseph Lister was born in England in 1827 and died there in 1923. His parents were Quakers and his father's trade was that of a wine merchant in London. When a lad Joseph was sent to a private school, then to University College, whence he was graduated B.A. in 1847. In that same year he began the study of medicine, which he followed zealously for five years. On graduating as a physician he went to Edinburgh to take a six weeks course in a hospital there under a famous doctor by the name of Dr. Syme. Instead of remaining the short time at first intended, he worked and taught in that country for twenty-three years.

It was during the last of this period that Lister began to constantly turn his mind to the problem of a remedy for wound infection. He was now not only a practical surgeon but gave admirable lectures on surgery to students in the University, and surgeons everywhere were at their wits' end to know what to do to overcome the infection which followed surgical operations. At this time, soldiers were dying in hospitals of surgical diseases by thousands. At this date, too, little was known of sanitation, but Lister changed all this. Louis Pasteur had discovered that beer, wine and milk are turned sour by the action of living organisms called microbes, and that these microbes are everywhere about us. Lister now began to think that the infection of wounds was due to these same microbes getting into the wounds. At first he thought the germs came only from the air, so he set himself to work to protect the wound from the bacteria laden air. To accomplish this he used carbolic acid to cover the wound. This was successful in one way but it caused frightful burns, so had to be abandoned. Lister soon learned that the microbes, instead of being in the air, are in the soil, clothing, upon the skin, in the beard and hair, and especially under the nails, and that they were introduced into the wounds by the hands of the surgeon or the nurse, or the instrument, or the dressings applied to the wound. Since his day the most rigorous surgical cleanliness has been insisted upon in handling wounds, and by means of great heat all instruments and surgical dressings, including surgeon's gloves, and everything that comes in contact with open wounds are sterilized. It is now possible to undertake surgical operations at any time while the patient is undergoing a comfortable sleep.

A household word among us is "Listerine". It is a satisfactory antiseptic, devised by Lister, as was also his famous antiseptic putty. Lister lived long enough to see his principles adopted by the whole surgical world, and to his work was due an immeasurable saving of life, and great relief of suffering.

Nor has the world failed to express its gratitude. He was

made a member of all sorts of learned bodies at home and abroad. Portraits of him hang in distinguished halls. Queen Victoria made him a baronet in 1883 and in 1897 he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Lister, the first and only representative of the medical profession to be so honored in Great Britain.

SHACKLETON.

The hope and aspirations of Ernest Shackleton were about to become a reality when we find him in command of the "Nimrod" starting from Lyttleton, New Zealand, on New Years Day 1908. The vessel was southward bound for the Antarctic, and on board were men whose keen desire was to explore the vast unknown continent that lies amid the Antarctic snows.

Shackleton himself has written the story of this wonderful Antarctic Expedition, and a few of the events are as follow: "By 10 p.m. on February 3rd, the Nimrod was moored to the bay ice, and as soon as she was secured I went ashore accompanied by Professor David, England, and Dunlop, to choose a place for building the hut, and up a small valley we soon found an ideal spot for our winter quarters. There was room not only for the hut itself, but also for the stores and for a stable for the ponies. A hill behind served as an excellent protection from the prevailing wind, and a number of seals lying on bay ice gave promise of a plentiful supply of fresh meat. We then started getting our gear ashore. That took a fortnight of the hardest work. The ponies gave us cause for the most anxiety, as they were nervous, and naturally stiff after their constant buffetings on the rough journey to the landing place. By February 22nd the final load had been removed, and the Nimrod pointed her bows to the north and soon was moving rapidly away to her winter quarters.

Until March 3rd the arrangement of all the details relating to settling for the long winter engaged our attention, but afterwards we at once began to seek some outlet for our energies which would advance the cause of science and the work of the expedition. One difficult journey was possible, and that was an attempt to reach the summit of Mount Erebus. After deliberation I decided that Professor David, Mawson and MacKay should form the party who were to try it, and they were to be provisioned for ten days. All hands accompanied the expedition when it started on the morning of March 5th, and went as far as Blue Lake, where we said a farewell to the mountain climbers.

At 10 a.m. on March 10th the edge of the active crater was reached, and the little party stood on the summit of Erebus, the first men to conquer perhaps the most remarkable summit in the world. From measurements Mount Erebus is calculated to rise to a height of 13,370 feet above sea level.

After the journey to the summit of Erebus we began to prepare for the long winter months that were rapidly approaching.

It would only be repetition to chronicle our doings from day to day, during the months that passed from the disappearance of the sun until the welcome daylight returned, but having more than enough to occupy us in our daily work, that spectre known as "Polar ennui" never appeared. During the winter I had given earnest consideration to the question of the date on which the party that was to march towards the Pole should leave the hut. Our hoped-for goal lay over 880 miles to the south, and the brief summer was all too short a time in which to march so far into the unknown and return. Finally I resolved that October 28th should be the date for starting, and we at once began to arrange for the laying of depots during the early spring.

The day was at last ushered in with brilliant sunshine and a cloudless sky, and Adams, Marshall, Wild and I started on the long journey towards the South Pole, hoping that we would be able to plant the Union Jack, which the Queen had given us, on that last untrodden spot of earth.

It would be impossible to give the details of their struggle for the goal which they failed to reach. Suffice to say that on January 9th they turned their backs upon the Pole and began to retrace their steps. Their homeward march was a tale of suffering from hunger, sickness, and struggles against blizzards and crevasses and bad surfaces. The one desire which drove them from depot to depot was the extreme craving for food, and many times their chance of escaping starvation was inexpressibly small. However, all survived the dangers of the interior of the Antarctic continent, and at 1 a.m. on March 4th they were once more safely aboard the Nimrod. The ship's bows were once more headed northward, and late in the afternoon of March 25th they arrived at Lyttleton, the port from which they had sailed on the first day of the previous year.

From "Shackleton in the Antarctic",
by Shackleton.

CAPTAIN SCOTT.

When Con Scott, as Robert Falcon Scott was called, was a little boy, he read about the adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Francis Drake, and those of his own father and uncles, and he wondered what the future had in store for him. We know from reading the "Undying Story of Captain Scott" that he became one of the greatest heroes of this century. How do you think that the delicate boy, with the narrow chest and the dreamy blue eyes ever grew into a wide-awake, practical man who in his early manhood became captain of the naval cadets on the training ship Britannia?

"I must learn to command this idle, dreamy body of mine before I can ever command a ship," he said to himself. So he gave himself orders in earnest. When he wanted to lie in bed an extra half hour, it was, "Up, sir! Up and doing is the word!" And out he would jump. When he felt like hugging the fire with a book on his knees he would say, "Out, sir! Get out in the open

air and show what you're made of!" Then he would race for an hour or two with his dog. And so the man who was to command others became master of himself.

There came a time when a strong, brave man was needed to take command of the ship "Discovery", that was to sail over unexplored seas to the South Pole, and Robert Falcon Scott was chosen.

In August 1901 Scott left the shores of England and by way of New Zealand crossed the Antarctic Circle on January 2nd, 1902. For many days he led south his little land-party of three, with four sledges and nineteen dogs. But the heavy snow was too much for the dogs, and one by one they died till not one was left, and the men had to drag and push the sledges themselves. Failing provisions at last compelled them to stop. Then came a tremendous blizzard. Scott's companion, Lieutenant Ernest H. Shackleton, was smitten with scurvy. On February 2nd, 1903, they reached the home-bound ship "more dead than alive". After this time of hardship and plucky endurance it was disappointing to have to return without having reached the South Pole. But they had done well; they had made the first long land journey ever made in the Antarctic; they had reached a point which was the farthest south; they had tested new methods of travel; they had covered nine hundred and sixty miles in ninety-three days. Those who had given their money for the expedition said: "The voyage has really been a success. Captain Scott must go again under better conditions with the best help and equipment possible."

So in July 1910, Captain Scott, in command of the "Terra Nova" began his second expedition to the Antarctic. It was one of the best equipped expeditions that ever started. There were three motor sledges, especially constructed to go over the deep snow, nineteen ponies, and thirty-three dogs to transport supplies. There was material for putting up huts and tents. There were sacks of coal, great cans of oil, tons of provisions and fur coats, fur sleeping bags, snow shoes, tools of all sorts, and many other things. The "Terra Nova" was a stout steamer carrying full sail, so that the winds might help in sending her on her way, thus saving coal whenever possible.

It was Scott's plan to sail as far as the ship could do, during the time of light, build a comfortable hut for winter quarters, then go ahead with sledges and carry loads of provisions, leaving them in depots along the path of their journey south. There were twelve of these depots, but only the first few could be made ready before the actual journey. These plans were all carried out, and then for ten months the whole party led a busy, harmonious life. It was a large party consisting of Captain Scott's seven officers and twelve scientists, all of whom were extraordinarily efficient. At last the sun returned, and the time came for the great journey about November 1st.

Scott's plan this time was that they should go in detachments. The motors were to go ahead as far as they could, then the ponies were to take up the running, and when they had to give up, the dogs were to carry on with lighter loads. When the dogs were no longer useful, the party was to be weeded out, and the strongest

were to drag the last sledge themselves, either on ski or on foot, till they had reached the Pole, turned, and come back from depot to depot to where the dogs would be waiting for them. At each depot they would pick up fresh fuel and food which they had left in store there.

They started off well enough, but soon it was learned that the motor sledges were useless, as the engines were not fitted for working in such intense cold. Misfortune followed misfortune. The sturdy ponies could not stand the dangers. Some of them slipped and fell into deep chasms in the ice; others suffered so that the only kind thing to do was to put them out of their pain. Then began a time of storms, and every morning they awakened to a raging, howling blizzard. One man fell sick, and Captain Scott had to send him back with two others. Finally the only ones left to make the last dash to the Pole were Captain Scott, Wilson, Oates, Bowers and Evans. They were still 150 miles from their goal, but they pushed on and on, until at last the South Pole was reached. There at the goal was a mound over which floated the flag of Norway. The Norse explorer, Amundsen, had reached the Pole first, in fact had arrived there a month earlier. Cheerfully Captain Scott built a cairn near the mound to hold up the Union Jack, which flapped sadly in the freezing air as if to reproach them with not having set it as the first flag at the Earthest South of the earth. They then began the long homeward march, but they were without that strength and elation which had sustained them on the outward journey, when they were inspired by the hope of winning a coveted honor for the country they had served.

Eight months after, when a rescue party succeeded in reaching the tent, they found the bodies of Wilson and Bowers lying in their sleeping bags. Scott, the master spirit, died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping bag, and his arm was flung across Wilson as if in a last gesture of affection. Under his shoulder were, besides his Journal, letters to his friends and family, and a message to the public, giving an account of the disaster and its cause.

On the spot where they died, their friends left the bodies of these brave men covered with the canvas of their tent, and over them they piled up a great cairn of ice, in which was placed a wooden cross made of snow-shoes. On the cross they carved these words, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

MEGELLAN.

One of the boldest and most determined of all the early explorers was Ferdinand Megellan, a young Portugese nobleman, who formed the idea of circumnavigating the globe. He applied to the King of Portugal for aid, but being refused, he went to Spain where his plan found favor.

The Spanish King gave him five vessels, which were old, small and hardly seaworthy. Megellan had, like Columbus, great difficulty in securing crews for them, but at last two hundred and

eighty men were obtained, and with these on September 20th, 1519, he began his long journey.

The hardships which made the expedition so perilous very early began to be felt. Calms followed by terrible rain storms, made progress so slow that it was necessary to diminish the allowance of food and water. The sailors broke out into open mutiny, but this Megellan quickly quelled by causing the principal offender to be arrested and put in irons.

On November 29th the coast of Brazil was sighted, but on they sailed, looking for the strait which would lead them out of the Atlantic. Storm after storm burst upon them as they went down the inhospitable shore of Patagonia. Then the mutiny broke out anew, but Magellan by his prompt and decisive action put it down in twenty-four hours.

The winter was spent at Port St. Julian, but as soon as the weather grew warmer the ships started again southward. After nearly two months of sailing, most of the time through violent storms, a narrow channel was found, in which the water was salt. This the sailors knew must be the entrance to a strait. So the ships entered and sailed through the winding passage. It took five weeks to get through, but at the end of that time they came out upon a great expanse of calm water. Magellan was overcome by the sight, and shed tears of joy. He named the vast water before him the "Pacific", which means peaceful, because of its contrast to the violent and stormy Atlantic. The fleet now sailed northward into a warmer climate and over a tranquil ocean, but as week after week passed and no land was seen, the sailors lost all hope. They began to think that this ocean had no end, and that they might sail on and on for ever. These poor men suffered very much from lack of food and water, and many died of famine. Anxiously they looked for signs of land, and at length they were rewarded. The Ladrone Islands were reached, and supplies of fresh vegetables, meats and fruits were obtained.

From the Isles of Ladrones, the fleet proceeded to the Philippines. Here Megellan knew that he was near the Indian Ocean, and realized that if he kept on his course he would circumnavigate the globe.

It was on one of the Philippines that this "Prince of Navigators" lost his life in a skirmish with the natives. He was, as usual, in the thickest of the fight, and while trying to shield one of his men was struck dead by the spear of a native. The next day an envoy was sent to offer any price that might be demanded for the precious remains. But the enemy returned word that on no account would they part with it, as it was a trophy they would prize above any other. And to this day no one knows where lies the dust of the first circumnavigator.

One of the ships, the Victoria, continued the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, and on September 6th, 1522, a few days less than three years from the date of their departure, eighteen weary and half-starved men succeeded in reaching Spain.

Great hardships had been endured, but the wonderful news they brought made up in some measure for their suffering. This voyage proved beyond doubt that the world is round, and that South America is a continent.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sir Philip Sidney was born in England in 1554. He lived in an adventurous age, so he could not help being adventurous himself. He was one of the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth and was greatly beloved by all the people around him as well as by others who had only heard of him. He chafed under the show and frivolities of the court and frequently dreamed of adventure and exploits in the West or on the battle-fields.

When he was thirty-one years of age, he decided to satisfy his love of adventure by accompanying Sir Francis Drake on a long voyage westward, but a few moments before starting his plans were made known to Queen Elizabeth, and she at once forbade his taking part in this expedition, and ordered him instead to Flanders, where the English were fighting against the Spaniards. Here he met his death.

During the first charge his horse was shot under him. Mounting another, he led his men forward again, and in the battle which followed he was wounded, and his horse, taking fright, rushed with him from the field. He managed to keep the saddle till he met some English soldiers, who carried him to the English camp.

On the way, feverish from loss of blood, he begged for water, and a soldier ran and brought some to him. But just as he raised the cup to his lips, his eyes met the eyes of a poor dying soldier who also had been wounded in the battle. His longing eyes were fixed on the cup. Sir Philip Sidney caught the look and passed him the water, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

For days he suffered, and those with him realized that he was dying. At first the thought of death was terrible to him. He was only thirty-two, and none of his great dreams had yet come true. But he fought against his fears, and they gave way to peace and gladness.

"I would not change my joy," he said to those around him, "for the empire of the world." A short time after this he died.

His death was a great shock, not only to England, but to all Europe. The people realized that they had lost, not only a brave soldier and a noble gentleman, but a life of exquisite beauty which had drawn from them sincerest admiration.

His body was embalmed, taken to England with military honors and then buried with great pomp and splendour in St. Pauls.

ELIAS HOWE.

Elias Howe was born at Spencer, Mass., U.S.A. on July 9th, 1819. When very young he began working with the others of his family at sticking wide teeth into strips of leather, to form cards used in cotton and woollen manufacturies. When he grew older he assisted his father in the mill and on the farm, and in winter attended the district school. On reaching the age of twenty-one he began work in a machine shop in Boston at \$9.00 a week. Thinking his income sufficient to warrant it, he took a

wife, but in process of time he made the discovery that his earnings were not sufficient to meet the demands of a growing family. His work, too, was very fatiguing and began to undermine his health.

One evening he observed that his wife, with willing though weary fingers, was busily plying her needle, helping to eke out the family purse. At once the idea of a machine for sewing took possession of his mind. If he could invent one his own condition would be greatly improved, and he decided to try. Every moment of spare time was then given to thought on it and experiment, and at length he neglected his business entirely and left the shop. He then removed to Cambridge, where a home and workshop were given him by an old school friend, named Fisher. Fisher also advanced him \$500 for the purpose of requisite tools and material, in return for which he was to receive a half interest in the invention.

Elias Howe then continued his experiments with enthusiasm. It must not be supposed that Howe was the only person who had, up to this time, sought to devise a machine for sewing. In the United States several persons were engaged simultaneously with him, in endeavoring to solve the interesting problem, and some among them received patents.

It was not until 1844 that Howe, after several years of fruitless experimenting, hit upon the true principles of the sewing machine, a needle grooved and eyed at the point, and two interlocking threads. He completed his first machine - crude indeed when compared with finished ones of today - in May 1845, and in July of that year he made upon it two complete suits of clothing, one of which was worn by himself, and the other by his partner, Fisher. Great was the rejoicing over Howe's success, but sorrow soon took the place of joy, for the cost of each machine was \$250, a sum which made it prohibitive. In 1847 he hoped to find a market in England, but he met with only disappointments. He spent several months in the great city of London, sick and nearly destitute. He at length succeeded in some way, it is hardly known how, in raising enough money to return to his native land.

With what joy he heard that at last there was a demand for sewing machines. A great reduction in the price of appliances used in their manufacture had made them much cheaper.

In 1850 Howe established a shop for the manufacture of machines in New York, and from that time his prospects began to improve. His income continued to increase rapidly, year by year, during the remainder of his short life. When he died at the early age of forty-eight, he was a millionaire.

JAMES HARGREAVES.

About two hundred years ago a little boy was born in the village of Stanhill, near Blackburn, whose name was afterwards to be heard all over the world wherever the textile industry is carried on. This was James Hargreaves, who invented the famous

spinning jenny. One would not have thought that he would ever become famous. His parents were poor working people who had a hard struggle to get a living, and when he grew up and had a family of his own, his struggles were just as hard. Like most of the Lancashire weavers, Hargreaves depended upon his wife Jenny to supply him with yarn, while he wove it into cloth. There were no large mills then, and nearly all the work of spinning and weaving was done in the cottages, after which the cloth was taken to the traders in the big towns.

One day, when Hargreaves was about forty years of age, he saw the following advertisement by the Society of Arts:-

"For the best invention of a machine that will spin six threads of wool, flax, hemp or cotton at one time, and that will require but one person to work and attend it (cheapness and simplicity in the construction will be considered part of its merits); for the best, fifty pounds, for the second best, twenty-five pounds."

The Society gave for its reason for offering this prize that the textile manufacturers found it very difficult when the spinners were out at harvest work - gleaning the corn and so on - to get enough yarn to keep their weavers employed.

This advertisement no doubt set Hargreaves and many others thinking very deeply how to make a spinning machine that would do the work of several women at one time. The poor man was several times over brought almost to starvation, for he had a large family to keep, and his wife's time was taken up with household duties, so that he had to be spinner and weaver too. He scarcely earned enough to buy even the coarsest and cheapest food, and his heart was filled with despair.

Many a long sleepless night was spent in thinking over the problem of making a machine that would spin several threads at once, but he seemed to get no nearer the mark. His wife sometimes found fault with him for dreaming over his work. Somehow, when his brains were so busy with other things, his fingers did not handle the fibre very quickly, and the output of work at the end of the day gradually became less and less.

At last the end came. The spinning wheel, which for so long had just provided him with a living, was smashed. Two of his boys were having a game in the crowded kitchen where he worked, when they knocked over the wheel and fled in terror from the room. Looking at the litter they had made, Hargreaves noticed that the spindle was spinning like a top on the floor. An idea at once came to him. Why not make a number of spindles and fasten them together so that they should all revolve in this way?

He was a very handy man with tools, and it did not take him long to put together a wooden stand or creel, which could carry several spindles, place whorls on their ends, and fix them up-right. When finished he was able to spin eight threads at a time. He called his new machine the Spinning Jenny after his wife.

From that time the fortune of Hargreaves began to mend. He spun more thread than he was able to use himself, and in time was able to supply many Blackburn manufacturers with yarn.

For three or four years he kept his invention a great secret, and people began to wonder how it was that he could turn out

all that yarn. They watched his house to find out if any assistants went to work. They stole round the windows at night to see if he were at work or in bed. At last they found the truth, and mad with jealousy, they went one night to his house, smashed in the doors and windows and utterly destroyed his beloved machine. Hargreaves was lucky to escape unhurt himself, for the mob was quite beyond control, and they threatened his life if he made any more machines. The poor man was utterly ruined. He had no money to make other machines, even if he had courage enough to defy the mob. Some manufacturers though, for whom he had worked, secretly employed him to make some more spinning jennies, and when he had saved sufficient money he removed to Nottingham, where he set up business for himself.

There the persevering inventor built up a good business, and when he died at the age of fifty-eight, his wife and children were well provided for.

From "Cotton and the Spinner", by WM. J. Claxton.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

Richard Arkwright, a native of Preston, was born about 200 years ago. His parents were very poor and as he had twelve brothers and sisters, he had a hard struggle to get even the coarsest food. Two hundred years ago children were not forced to attend school; indeed there were only a few schools in the country for poor children, and even if the parents wished them to go to school, they could not afford the fees, so Arkwright grew up uneducated. As soon as he was old enough, Richard was apprenticed to a barber, and could we have peeped into the dingy little shop where he served his time, we might have seen him lathering the customers and making himself as handy as possible.

When his apprenticeship was finished he removed to Bolton. There it was the fashion among the upper classes to wear enormous wigs, and Arkwright thought he could earn more money by hairdressing and selling wigs than by giving his customers a clean shave for a penny, so he started business as a hair merchant. In the village inns and on the carriers' carts the talk would often be about the latest inventions in the textile trade, and Arkwright, who always kept his ears well open, doubtless picked up many hints as he travelled about.

At last he settled down in Warrington and tried to make a cotton spinning machine. After several attempts he succeeded in inventing a machine which would spin a finer or a coarser thread than Hargreaves' spinning jenny, and he exhibited it in his native town. He made several other machines, and at last invented one that was almost perfect. It needed only one workman to feed it with cotton and attend to the running of it.

In spite of the fact that others were allowed to copy his frame, Arkwright earned an immense fortune, and six years before his death he was knighted by George III.

From "Cotton and the Spinner", by Wm. J. Glaxton.

SAMUEL CROMPTON.

The last of the three great inventors of spinning machines was Samuel Crompton, who was born near Bolton in Lancashire in 1753. Crompton was one of those boys who always want to pull to pieces toys and clocks and anything with wheels in it, to see how they are made and how they work. His father was a clock-maker, and he lived on a small farm near Bolton. At first the family was fairly well off, and when Samuel was about five years old they moved to an old mansion in the district. Here they kept cows and poultry, farmed the land, and spent their spare time in carding, spinning, and weaving cotton and flax into cloth.

When the father died the widow and children were left poor, but the farm was kept on and the dairy looked after. The children began to work very early, and Samuel was soon able to manage his father's loom. When he was about sixteen years of age he had saved enough money to buy an eight-spindled jenny like that made by Hargreaves, and for five years he earned his living by spinning yarn on the jenny and weaving it into cloth.

Crompton had a great taste for music, and he soon learned to play the violin. In time he became noted in the district as a musician and was engaged in the evenings in the orchestra at Bolton theatre, where he earned 1s 6d a night. Here he would see the gauzy, filmy dresses of the actresses and the gossamer draperies of the stage, and these, no doubt, gave him the idea of spinning the very fine threads needed for this class of cloth. For seven or eight years he gave up all his spare time in trying to make a machine which would spin threads of very fine quality. At the end of that time he had made such an improvement on the spinning jenny that his yarns were all in great demand by all the textile manufacturers. He called his new machine a "mule". It was so perfect that, with very little change, the same machine is used today.

From "Cotton and the Spinner",
by Wm. J. Claxton.

DR. GRENFELL.

When he had completed his medical course Dr. Grenfell looked about for a field that would give great chance for adventure and for service where a physician was really needed.

"I feel there is something for me besides hanging out my sign in a city where there are already doctors and to spare," he said.

Hearing of the forlorn condition of the English-speaking settlers and natives on the remote shores of wind-swept Labrador, he resolved to fit out a hospital ship and bring them what help he could. So began in 1892 Dr. Grenfell's great work with his schooner "Albert", in which he cruised about for three months and ministered to nine hundred patients, who, but for him would have had no intelligent care. When he sailed about in the Albert that first summer, the people thought he was some strange, big

hearted madman, who bore a charmed life. He seemed to know nothing and care nothing about foamy reefs, unfamiliar tides and currents, and treacherous winds. When it was impossible to put out in a schooner he went in a whale boat. His boat was capsized, swamped, blown on the rocks, and once driven out to sea by a gale that terrified the crew of the solidly built mailboat. This time he was reported lost, but after a few days he appeared in the harbor of St. Johns, face aglow, and eyes fairly snapping with the zest of the conflict. "Sure, the Lord must kape an eye on that man," said an old skipper devoutly.

It was often said of a gale on the Labrador coast, "That's a wind that will bring Dr. Grenfell."

The people to whom Dr. Grenfell ministers are simple, hardy men, in whom ceaseless struggle against bleak conditions of life have developed strength of character and simplicity to endure. Besides the scattered groups of Eskimos in the north, who live by hunting seal and walrus, and the Indians who roam the interior in search of furs, there are some seven or eight thousand English-speaking inhabitants widely scattered along the coast. In summer as many as thirty thousand fishermen are drawn from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to share in the profit of the cod and salmon fisheries. All these people were practically without medical care before Dr. Grenfell came. The chief sources of danger to these people who live by the food of the sea are the uncertain winds and the treacherous ice-floes. When the ice begins to break in spring, the swift currents move great masses along with terrific force. Then woe betide the rash schooner that ventures into the path of these ice-rafts!

If we could spend a summer with Dr. Grenfell on board his hospital ship, "The Strathcona", we would see what a busy, useful life he leads. Not only does he doctor the numbers of people who come to him with every sort of ill from aching teeth to broken bones, but he can doctor his ship too, should it leak, or a propellor go lame. In winter he has as many sick people to care for as in summer, but during this season he travels in a "koma-tik" or dog-sled, drawn by a splendid team of eight dogs.

When the doctor began his work in 1892 he found that the poverty stricken people were practically at the mercy of the unprincipled storekeepers who charged two or three prices for flour, salt, and other necessities of life. To cure this evil, Dr. Grenfell opened co-operative stores, run solely for the benefit of fishermen, and established industries that would give a chance of employment during the cold winter months. A grant of timberland was obtained from the government and a lumber mill opened. A schooner building yard, and a cooperage for making kegs and barrels to hold the fish exported, were next installed. He also tried to add to the resources of the country by introducing a herd of reindeer from Lapland. Reindeer milk is rich and makes good cheese. The transportation afforded by the reindeer is important in a land where rapid transit consists of dog-sleighs.

Dr. Grenfell has himself financed his various schemes, using in addition to gifts from those he can interest, the entire income gained from his books and lectures. He keeps nothing for

himself but the small salary as mission doctor to pay actual living expenses.

Through his efforts, hospitals, schools, and orphan asylums have been built, which are under the control of skilful workers.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Read in J. 144

David Livingstone, African missionary and explorer, was born at Blantyre, Scotland, on March 19, 1813. His forefathers were Scottish Highlanders, and lived on the Hebrides till hard times drove the family to Blantyre near Glasgow, where for a time David's father was clerk in the cotton mills. So poor were the Livingstones that David, though only ten years of age, had to leave the village school and go to work in the mills. So fond was he of reading and learning that he always kept a book on the spinning jenny which he read as he passed backwards and forwards at work. An evening school helped out his education for several years.

On a holiday David and his brothers would go off on a long scouting ramble, clambering over rocks along the river bank to search for ferns and mosses, roaming over the fields and hill-sides looking for beetles and butterflies, jumping down into quarries, collecting shells, or strolling along the riverside, bathing and fishing. One day David caught a salmon. It was against the law to keep it, but he could not bring himself to throw it back into the water, so he slipped it down the leg of his brother Charles' trousers. The villagers of Blantyre were very sympathetic with the boy as he passed along with his poor swollen leg!

While still a youth, the truths of religion took a deep hold of his mind, and one night he told his parents that he had decided to be a medical missionary. They were very glad. There was no good fairy to wave a wand and make everything come as he wished. David saw that he must be his own wizard. But how could he, the spinner youth, whose father and mother were poor, be what he wished? Money was needed, for to be a physician meant passing through years of training. But as one man who knew him said, "Fire, water, nor stone wall would not stop Livingstone."

Sure enough, nothing did stop him, and ere many years had passed we read that he landed in Africa and began his great work of opening up that almost unknown continent to the world.

His first stopping place was at the village of Iepelole, not far from the Kalahari Desert. He stayed there six months without seeing a man who could speak English. In that way he learnt their language perfectly, and got to know all about their lives in their huts. While there he taught the natives how to water their gardens by means of a small canal. All this while, Livingstone was making friends of the tribes around him. His manly fearlessness, his good humor and keen sympathy, his kindly eyes full of honesty and truth, soon showed the natives that

there was nothing to fear from him. His medical skill got him the fame of a wizard, and black patients from far and near thronged his wagon to be cured of their ills. Apart from this he had a most wonderful gift of finding his way into the hearts of men.

At last, after long waiting, Livingstone got leave from the governors to build a new mission station at Mabtosa. His work, however, was delayed by a misadventure that left him with a weak arm for the rest of his life. One day a lion fell upon a flock of sheep near the village, killing nine in broad daylight. Livingstone went out to encourage the natives to surround it. As he did so, the animal broke from its pursuers and sprang upon him; then, pinning him down with one paw, it began to crush the bone of his arm with its teeth. A faithful follower diverted the beast from his master, and was himself attacked, but was saved by the lion falling dead from its wounds.

While his arm was healing, Livingstone travelled back to Kuruman to visit another missionary, Robert Moffat. There he fell in love with and married Mr. Moffat's eldest daughter Mary, who returned with him to Mabtosa. There Mary used to teach the little African children in the school, not only to read and write, but to sew and do many useful things.

But Livingstone, the Pathfinder, was always a pioneer, eager to push forward. So with Mrs. Livingstone as "Queen of the Wagon" we see them starting out to find a really good route to the sea. This they could not find, but in some respects their journey was not a failure. They discovered the great Falls of the Zambesi, which are twice as large as Niagara. They found that Central Africa was not a desert, but could produce coffee, cotton, oil, sugar, corn, and many other things needed for the world's use. They learned too that the natives were capable of being taught by gentleness and justice to make good use of their lives.

The troubles and difficulties of this journey were numerous. Livingstone's medicine chest was plundered and his portable boat was lost. He was twice thrown from his ox, once upon his head on the hard ground, and once in the middle of a ford. He had thirty-one attacks of fever, and had to be his own doctor and nurse. Many of the tribes were troublesome when he asked leave to pass their borders.

After other explorations and adventures, Livingstone returned to England and wrote an account of his travels in a book called "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." He was sought out everywhere for speeches, lectures and entertainments. One day he went to tell the children of Queen Victoria about his adventures and another day he visited the Queen herself. But as soon as his work in England was finished he returned to Zanzibar to carry out the purpose of his life.

In March 1866 Livingstone landed near the mouth of the Rovuma, and at the age of fifty-three began the seven long years of hardship, misery and pain that wore him to his death. During all those long years he was on the trail of the slave trade,

which was then the curse of Africa.

He died on April 30th, 1873. The natives buried his heart in Africa, but his body was taken to England and buried in Westminster Abbey.

Brought by faithful hands
over Land and Sea

Here Rests

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Missionary

Philanthropist

Born March 19, 1813

At Blantyre, Lanarkshire

Died May 1, 1873

At Chitambo's Village, Ulala.

For thirty years his life was spent
in an unwearied effort

To evangelize the native races,
To explore the undiscovered secrets,
To abolish the desolating slave trade
of Central Africa,

where with his last words he wrote

"All I can add in my solitude is,
May Heaven's rich blessing come down
on everyone, American, English or Turk
who will help to heal
this open sore of the world."

The Tombstone in Westminster Abbey.

Finis.

